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Churchill's mother was his inspiration

They worked together like brother and sister

Last week The Australian Women's Weekly presented the story of Winston Churchill's mother, formerly Jennie Jerome, of her sturdy American forbears, and the speedy, romantic courtship of Lord Randolph Churchill.

This week it tells of Lady Randolph's life in London as a bride in Mayfair's brightest circles, of her flair for politics, and the help she has given the great British leader in his career.

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

MOTHER and counsellor of Winston Churchill, Lady Randolph Churchill as a reigning beauty of London society.

LOVELY Jennie Jerome became Lady Randolph Churchill, daughter-in-law of the great Duke of Marlborough, when Victoria ruled London society with her iron discipline of convention and etiquette.

Though Jennie's life in America was a sheltered one, she had always been aware that among Americans there was a camaraderie which did not exist in London.

"To dine anywhere except in a private home was thought quite emancipated," the youthful American observed.

"To go by oneself in a hansom was thought very 'fast'—not to speak of walking, which could be permitted only on quiet squares or streets."

Moreover, it was considered quite improper for a newly-married pair to mix with ordinary mortals anywhere in European society for at least a month after their wedding.

The gloom of strict Sunday observance depressed the American Lady Randolph no end, as did the manner in which the Englishwomen dressed.

In those days it took a Paris fashion at least two years to cross the Channel, and then the average Englishwoman in society didn't know what to do with it.

Anything could be worn to the races, even a dinner costume. Jennie recalled appearing at Ascot on Cup Day in her wedding dress of white satin and point lace.

On the other hand, black and black only could be worn at the theatre.

"Once when I appeared in pale blue, Randolph implored me, before starting, to change it, as it was 'so conspicuous,'" she wrote.

Even country house parties were conducted in the strictest routine.

Breakfast was a ceremonious meal at which no one began to eat until everyone was seated, and for which the women dressed in long velvet or silk dresses with dragging trains.

The days at home with the women guests, while the men everlastingly hunted, drove the young American almost to open rebellion.

"They used to sit solemnly through an elaborate tea," she complained, "exchanging civilities for an hour or more, until the hostess (who wore a lace cap if 'middle-aged'—then about forty) gave the signal to rise, uttering the invariable formula, 'I am sure you must need a little rest.'"

Meanwhile, quite regardless of the differences or the similarities between life in America and life in England, and of the common attitude towards American "intruders" in the social circles in which her husband moved, the young Lady Randolph looked forward not only undismayed but with unfeigned joy to the social triumphs of her first London season.

But before the year's end, "our boy Winston" was born.

Shortly thereafter, again before the anticipated social triumphs could be fully achieved, her father-in-law, Winston's grandfather, the old duke, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

It was decided that she and Randolph should accompany him, the latter as his unpaid private secretary.

But when at last the youthful Lady Randolph could flash her fresh American beauty on the habitues of Mayfair drawing-rooms the prevailing opinion was soon that she was the most beautiful woman in London society.

For nearly three decades after her marriage she was quite as active in British politics as her son was later to become—active solely on behalf of her menfolk.

In fact, when her husband was in the Government and loaded with duties, he made no attempt to contest the elections himself, but left both the canvassing and the managing to his American wife.

Campaign song

HER activity as a campaigner caused an astonished British electorate to sing appreciatively:

Bless my soul! that Yankee lady,
Whether day was bright or shady,
Dashed about the district like an oriflamme of war.
When the voters saw her bonnet,
With the bright pink roses on it,
They followed as the soldiers did the Helmet of Navarre.

She had an excellent voice and she spoke well and easily from notes which she kept hidden in her fan.

On her first public appearance the Press commented on her courageous and "witty" references to Mr. Gladstone, "in his new role as undertaker."

That Lady Randolph deserved the adjectives "courageous" and "witty" is instanced by an exchange of telegrams between her and the then rising author, George Bernard Shaw, on the occasion of her having invited him to take luncheon in her house in Connaught Place.

Shaw's reply was:

Certainly not what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?

Lady Randolph's rejoinder:

Know nothing of your habits hope they are not as bad as your manners.

As a result of this telegraphic tit for tat, the Lady and the St. Bernard subsequently became the best of friends.

It is significant, however, as emphasising the remarkable resemblance between the characters of mother and son, that Winston's notable lack of awe has been known to extend to the same awesome author.

Joke on Shaw

ONCE in the days when mah-jongg was the rage he attended a performance of Shaw's "St. Joan," in which Dame Sybil Thorndike said, "West wind, west wind, west wind." The Right Honorable Winston Churchill, sitting in the front row, exploded "Pong!"

Not many notables were rash enough to decline invitations from Lady Randolph Churchill.

The guest list at one important dinner included the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Henry James.

And yet it was in her house-to-house canvassing among her husband's more humble constituents that the "Yankee lady" with the great glowing almond-shaped eyes got in her most effective work.

Sometimes, of course, she ran her beautiful head against the stone wall of political prejudice.

For instance, in an attempt to elect her husband in Birmingham, stronghold of the embattled Chamberlains, the keeper of a local pub was in his cellar among the kegs and vats when she called, and refused to come up.

"But it's Lady Churchill as wants to see you!" shouted his spouse.

"And is it, now?" he replied. "Well, tell Mrs. Churchill to go to ——."

Usually, however, Lady Randolph found that a softly whispered "Please vote for my husband — I'll be so unhappy if he doesn't get in," was worth hours of oratory in the village square.

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Romance that can live for you

The woman who knows nothing of such romance is letting precious happiness slip by. Moments like these are the birthright of every girl. Women made famous by their charm know (as you too can know) how to bring out their own personal fascination. Above all they have learned the irresistible appeal of a petal-soft skin . . . In this the girl of today has Erasmic Face Powder to help her. A powder that is refined till it is light and silky—clinging closely hour upon hour. To those who know you best, its fragrance will come to seem an intimate part of your personal dearness.

Erasmic Creams (Vanishing & Cold) 1/- Tube

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Lets talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MAJOR P. H. THORNE

Docks in family . . .

AUSTRALIA'S £3,000,000 graving dock will have important improvements on the one at Singapore. "These are naval secrets," states English dock expert Major P. H. Thorne, who has arrived in Sydney to supervise its construction. Major Thorne worked on the construction of Singapore Naval Dock.

He has been associated with this type of work all his life. "My father was also a dock builder," he says.

—Raymond Sawyer.

MISS BARBARA TRIBE

Sculpture and camouflage

"DOING camouflage designs and special draftsmanship for the War Office," writes young Sydney sculptor Miss Barbara Tribe, who has had to close her London studio because of the war.

Known in England as "the Australian sculptor whose work is alive with the vitality of the New World," she recently had a bust of General Sir William Birdwood accepted by the Royal Academy.

MR. P. TAYLOR

Despite cyclone and floods

NARROWLY escaping with his life when Roper River Mission was destroyed by cyclone and floods early this year, Mr. Phillip Taylor, well-known mission worker, recently organised a drive for funds to reconstruct the mission.

"With most of the necessary £5000 in hand, building has begun," he announces.

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MERRY-GO-ROUND

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

A Complete Short Story

by

DOROTHY BLACK

MISS GLASSON toiled not, neither did she spin, but there the matter ended. She wore horrible hats.

Diana, on the other hand, toiled incessantly. Miss Glasson saw to that. She was a great one for getting her money's worth. Diana had to dust the china, do the housework, and most of the cooking also.

Although in theory there was a maid, in practice she always back-answered Miss Glasson on the third day, and packed her bags and went. Then there were the hens, and three cats with malevolent natures and quantities of apparently unwanted fur, which they distributed like largesse all over the carpets and chairs.

In spite of all this, Diana did look rather like a flower of the field. "Quiet country life" Miss Glasson's advertisement had said, which was why Diana had answered it. She loved quiet.

Not that she got much. Miss Glasson, among other things, was a toxopholite. Dressed in a natty costume of green, she practised with bow and arrow, among kindred spirits, at a select little club in the next town. There she shot the National Round—four dozen arrows at sixty yards, and two dozen at fifty yards—and the Hereford Round, which is four dozen at eighty yards, and four dozen at sixty yards.

After that she came home a little over-done, and was very bad tempered. Diana had to get her to bed with a hot drink, and even then it was not always over, for Miss Glasson would bellow with strange nightmares, fancying herself chased by Robin Hood.

Between whiles she practised a good bit in the garden. The arrows went far and wide, and another of Diana's jobs was to retrieve them. Miss Glasson had never transfixed the baker's boy yet, but Diana felt that it was a matter of time.

Beyond the garden gates, the world went on, but Diana did not have much to do with it. Miss Glasson had very strong views on what was, and was not, sinful. Roughly it worked down to this—that everything she personally did not want to do, was.

The fair wound down the village street to awful gaieties in the rectory field once a year, but they did not go, Miss Glasson feeling no urge towards roundabouts. The choral society flung defiant melody to the moon on Tuesdays, but Miss Glasson would have nothing to do with it, because she hated the doctor, who sang tenor. Now and again they were asked out to this tea party or that, but Miss Glasson always refused for both of them. Such queer people had settled in the neighborhood of late, said Miss Glasson, that you had to be careful.

Diana would have liked to go. She hated being careful. Sometimes, passing beyond her window, she saw nice young men with tennis racquets, but they were always bound to play with someone else. Sometimes in church she caught a wandering eye, blue or brown, scrutinising her with the message a girl nearly always understands.

Nothing ever came of it. The years passed, and it seemed as if nothing ever would. Diana stared at all her various tasks, and tried not to envy the hikers hiking by. Miss Glasson shot wild arrows into the air, and sat around thinking of something for Diana to do when she had finished what she was doing now.

If there were any escape from her present life, Diana did not know where to find it. She was a quiet girl, with pretty, shy eyes. Not the sort you notice in a crowd, but once you noticed her you had to look again. She just made the best of things, and Miss Glasson, hoping—well she hardly knew what, but a girl must hope.

She was mending stockings by the window—the cast-iron stockings that encased Miss Glasson's serviceable legs—when the fair came jangling down the street. It seemed incredible it should be here again. Another year gone!

Diana watched it, wistfully. First came the gaily-painted waggons, little homes on wheels, a mob of healthy looking children peering over the back doors. A steam engine drew a truck on which pieces of the roundabouts were stacked. Blue horses with wild eyes and white tails and manes. Unlikely spurred ostriches and glittering giraffes. So silly, so gay. Diana had a vision of herself riding on one of them, and a young man beside her. But, of course, nothing would come of that.

Behind the steam waggon was a truck with the lions' cage. The lions looked threadbare and easy going. A small elephant ambled along, its baggy, grey suit a little too large in the trousers department. Really very like the vicar! At the rear of the procession a cheerful clown, his face very white, his nose very red, turned cartwheels, emitting astonishing war whoops.

Determination came to Diana suddenly, as she navigated a particularly villainous hole in Miss Glasson's heel. She put the stocking down.

"I shall go to the fair," she thought. Why shouldn't she? Miss Glasson went early to bed, and as a rule, once there, she stayed there. It would be like playing truant from school.

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"Come on up!" cried the handsome young stranger, seizing Diana's hand.

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TEST-PILOT'S WIFE

To test-pilot Johnnie, his flights were just a job of work. But to his pretty, young wife they were another matter.

"IT sounds like a good job." Frances watched her husband's eyes flicking through the letter.

"I have a good job." He tossed the letter back to her. "Push over the teapot, Frankie."

"Be civilised. Pass your cup." She filled his cup, then returned to the battle. "But you'd still be in aviation, Johnnie . . . seeing all the newest planes . . . writing about them."

"Can't write," replied Johnnie, briefly. Then, after a great gulp of tea, "Me! Our Aeronautical Correspondent. That'd get a laugh from the boys. And how'd we fit into polite society, Frankie? These sausages are good."

"Too good to be stabbed from the dish with anybody's fork," said Frances, sighing, as she watched him exultantly transfer a sausage to his plate. "Perhaps a little polite society might do us both good for a while."

He looked at her with mock astonishment on his good-humored face. "Hey! What's come over you?" he asked. "Getting tired of being married to a test-pilot? Or was last night's party too fierce for you?"

She smiled across the breakfast table at him. "Must have been the party, Johnnie. A year's not long enough to begin to know a test-pilot."

"There you go," he said, shaking a ruffled fair head that no comb could ever keep tidy. "Talking about a test-pilot as though he's a jumping fire cracker. When'll you realise we're just another bunch of fellows doing another job of work?"

"I've realised it all the time, Johnnie. And now shall I help you into your parachute and send you off to work like a good wife should?"

He came round the table. "I'll do the helping . . . this way." He lifted her face in his hands and held his lips on hers. It always feels like this, thought Frances, like a plane soaring beyond the clouds to the blue sky . . . and there's fear, too, like a plane twirling and turning and plunging towards the ground . . .

"I'll be back around one," said Johnnie. "Testing that new three-engined bomber this morning."

Frances' heart gave a sudden leap. "Not Hush-Hush Two?"

"A bomber, I said, not a fighter, intelligence." Johnnie gave the baggy flannels that somehow managed to find a grip of his slim waist a disgusted hitch. "The day the Hush-Hush Two takes the air . . . and if I'm the test-pilot, I'll order champagne for lunch. And I said it."

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

She waved from the window as the little two-seater darted away down the road. Then she went back to the table and poured herself another cup of tea before reading the letter again.

Good for Uncle Toby! No one would have suspected the letter was in answer to her appeal. And least of all Johnnie. He had to hear the thunder clap before he'd believe he'd seen lightning. So Uncle Toby's letter read to him just as it was meant to do. A letter from a newspaper proprietor appealing to a first-rate airman to join his staff as an aviation expert. Not the triumphant note of an uncle pulling his favorite niece out of the jam he'd told her she'd get into.

"A penniless young aviator," he'd said a year ago. "And a test-pilot! My dear Frances, do you know what it's like to be married to a test-pilot?"

Frances hadn't even known what a test-pilot was. All she'd known was that Johnnie Manners had eyes as blue as the skies he flew to, and hair as yellow as the ripened corn below.

"Why, your life will be agony while he's tumbling nose over tail in the sky," Uncle Toby had said.

"You'll never know whether he's coming home to lunch or you've to go to the hospital."

"Uncle Toby!" she'd exclaimed.

"Oh, all right," he'd agreed, at last. "How old are you? Twenty-four. Hmmm! Look more like eighteen, with those innocent brown eyes of yours. I always thought your father made me your guardian so's he could make me look foolish in the end. Well, that's one success he had . . . even if he had to die to do it."

Frances hadn't known what the answer was to that, although she did her best to defend a father she scarcely remembered.

"But don't think you'll get a fat allowance from me," her uncle had continued. "That airman fellow will have to keep you now he's found you. Why he ever left Canada to come to this tax-ridden country, I don't know."

Frances didn't point out he'd made a fortune in this tax-ridden country. But she did point out, emphatically, that her Canadian was quite capable of keeping her.

"I hope so," said Uncle Toby, not hopefully. "Still . . . you never know. You have my address." Which meant that Frances would have his help, too, if she ever needed it.

But in that mad, gay honeymoon week in Paris help was the last thing she thought about. And if she did whisper of the dangers of a test-pilot's job in Johnnie's ear his laughter and his "I'd rather test a plane than cross a London street without you" had made it seem just another joke to be shared.

THAT was before they'd returned to England and taken a bungalow close to the flying-field and she'd stood on the tarmac, staring up at the twisting, twirling plane that hurtled down and then zoomed up, taking her heart with it. And it was before Johnnie had landed and come taxi-ing towards her and jumped out, struggling with his parachute, and had said, "Listen, Frankie, stay away from here. There's nothing to see, and if there is I don't want you to see it." He could look grim and stern, could Johnnie . . . when he wasn't grinning that crooked smile across his tanned face.

It was of Johnnie's last kiss that Frances was thinking when the knock came on the door. She hated knocks on doors . . . when Johnnie was out. But it was only Mary Trevor.

"If you will live next door to me and we will go to parties like last night's, you must expect me round any time next day," said Mary, slumping into the nearest armchair and pushing back heavy, auburn hair from a pallid face. "Give me a cigarette and a whisky and soda. Make it stiff." She gave a sidelong glance from grey-green eyes at Frances. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Little Red Riding Hood. Don't look at the clock. I know it's not ten yet."

Even a year hadn't accustomed Frances to the thought that anyone could want a drink quite so early.

"Why Howard Winthrop throws a party and then expects his ace test-pilot to be on the job next day beats me," said Mary, watching Frances mix her drink. "And he'd be the first to kick if Johnnie phoned to say he didn't feel so hot."

"One drink's Johnnie's limit," said Frances, handing Mary the glass. "And as for me . . . well, I just spend my time saying 'No, thank you' at parties."

"If Johnnie wasn't so crazy, anyway, somebody'd nickname him 'Sky Pilot.' How long have you two been married?"

"Keep it dark," said Frances. "But yesterday was our first anniversary."

"It was my second," said Mary, "as a widow. Got a match, Frankie?"

Frances never could accustom herself to the knowledge that this cool, cynical person had ever had a husband . . . and had seen him crash on the very flying-field from which Johnnie was probably taking off at that moment. Blowing the used match out with unneeded vehemence she remembered that Gerry Trevor had been flying the Hush-Hush One. Johnnie had casually passed that on to her once.

"Don't you ever feel you'd like to be away . . ." she started, then finished, lamely, "from this perpetual drone of planes?"

Mary blew a smoke ring neatly ceiling-wards. "Meaning aren't I haunted by memories, Frankie?" she asked, without taking her eyes from the floating smoke. "Memories are for age. Me? I'm thirty. I know every pilot who flies for the Winthrop Aviation Company. We speak the same language and drink the same drinks . . . not always out of the same glass, of course. For the ten years I was married to Gerry, planes were so much my life as his livelihood." Without moving her head her eyes suddenly met Frances'. "Does the sound of an aeroplane engine get on your nerves?"

"Oh, no," protested Frances. She'd decided quite a long time ago that Mary Trevor was not the person in whom to repose this confidence. "It . . . it just becomes a trifle monotonous at times. That's all."

"And that's all I should ever let it become. Howard Winthrop doesn't like his test-pilots to have nervy wives. Might react on the pilots. And Howard doesn't enjoy having his planes crashed too often."

How like her, thought Frances, to put her warning that way . . . to make you see a plane crumpled on the ground.

"You know, your name doesn't fit you a bit," said Frances, and instantly knew that the other woman had guessed the thought between.

"It did, when I was eighteen," said Mary, and managed to convey that it meant rather less than a change in her way of doing her hair.

When at last the daily help arrived Frances felt relief in assisting her in the household tasks. Even to have the grey-green eyes rather amusedly watching her, for Mary Trevor had made no attempt to go, was better than listening to the talk which formed the background of the little world to which she belonged.

She knew now how deeply she was beginning to hate the continuous conversation about planes and engines. Mary excelled in it . . . could discuss the technicalities of an aeroplane with the most expert designer . . . could talk of altimeters, "ceilings," wind pressures and time lags for hours with the test-pilots. She hated the parties, the drinking, the cynical disregard of the future that was the keynote in the lives of this little group of people whose sole concern was aviation. It was all very well for Johnnie to call it "just another job of work." It wasn't. It was a daily gamble . . . with someone's happiness at stake every hour of the day.

When Johnnie came in to lunch and cheerfully insisted that Mary stay, Frances shut her ears to the interminable drone of flying talk. Not even the discussion of who would be the pilot to take up Hush-Hush Two on its trial flight, which Mary discussed as though there'd never been a Hush-Hush One, could do more than bring but an inward prayer that it wouldn't be Johnnie.

But if Frances prayed inwardly, Johnnie pleaded outwardly, and so that all could hear.

"I've put a lot into that plane," he said, one evening, when, unusually, neither test-pilot nor Mary Trevor had dropped in for a drink and a talk. "There are more of my ideas in her than all of those designers could think of put together. And if the Air Ministry adopts this new type

"There's no more fear for me now," thought Frances, as Johnnie took her in his arms.

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The woman's job is courage, too

By PHILIP NEVILLE

well . . . the Hush-Hush Two will be the talk of the world."

Frances was torn between anxiety and the need for a pretence at interest in the plane she had come to dread. "Whoever takes it up, Johnnie, you'll get the credit for your ideas."

Johnnie rammed the tobacco savagely into his pipe. "Listen, Frankie. There'll be no credit for anyone if that bus crashes." How can he say it, thought Frances. It's not fair. "When she dives someone's got to be at the controls who can keep track of the loss of altitude and pull her out before she buries herself ten feet into the ground. Tommy Thompson!"

Frances could scarcely keep the gleam of hope from her eyes. "Tommy Thompson . . . is he going to take her up?"

"Winthrop's dithering over it now. Oh, I know what he's thinking. Johnnie's too old. Tommy'll give her the works . . . get her diving around five seventy m.p.h. Five seventy! Why, I'll take her up to twenty-two thousand feet and dive her at six hundred. Me! Too old at twenty-nine."

Gerry Trevor was that age, thought Frances, Mary told me. And Winthrop's remembering that, too.

"Tommy's only twenty-two, isn't he?" she said.

"And yellow! He can't fool me. Why did he jump when that plane had a wing waggle last week? What's a fellow up testing for? To find out a plane's weaknesses, not display his own. Here, gimme that nail file of yours . . . this beastly pipe is always getting stuffed up."

"Savage!" said Frances.

. . . . . .

Of course, Mary Trevor would be there when Johnnie came home with the news.

"We know! We know!" she said, as Johnnie rushed in and threw his hat at the ceiling. "You're going to take her up. Don't bring her down on my bungalow, Johnnie. It's quite untidy enough now, thank you."

"I guess Frankie's a sort of mascot," said Johnnie, sweeping Frances into his arms. "I've had all the breaks since I married her. And now . . . this."

Yes, thought Frances, and now this. And with her face buried in Johnnie's jacket she could see Mary, slim and cool, with one trousered leg hung over the arm of the chair, a twisted smile on the too red lips in the pale face. She didn't have to see Mary to know what the smile meant.

IN a fortnight's time the test was to take place. It was going to be so very important, said Johnnie. So very important, echoed Frances. Air Ministry officials would be there. Contracts were ready to be signed. If the trial was a success there'd be orders galore and a fat increase in salary for Johnnie. And a month in Paris for Frances.

"Winthrop's promised it," exclaimed Johnnie, blue eyes dancing, fair hair tumbling over his forehead. "A month . . . a whole month's leave, Frankie. Paris again. With you, darling. We'll dine every night at the Chez Toi in Montmartre."

"Montparnasse." As if it mattered, thought Frances.

"And I'll come into all the galleries with you," ignored Johnnie. "Not the ones with pictures but the ones that sell filmy, silky, lovely things for you to wear. Yes, I'll do that for you, and choose the ones you'll wear, too."

Frances wasn't sure, in the nights that followed, whether planning the month in Paris or discussing the test flight hurt most.

"If she's too light in the nose she'll go into a loop," Johnnie would mutter, reflectively immersed in clouds of tobacco smoke. "And the engine'll tear loose at that speed." Or there was the long conjecturing as to whether the wind screen could take the pressure, and if it couldn't would the pilot be blinded by the wind rush and lose control? To Mary Trevor, continually in the house now, these were matters to be discussed coldly and scientifically.

"Of course, Gerry always knew the wings would wrinkle at five hundred on Hush-Hush One," said Mary, once. "He was bothering about it the night before he went up." Bothering about it! thought Frances, how can they talk like this before me?

"Great pilot, Gerry," answered Johnnie. "Guess he was too interested in those wings to jump." And so will you be, Johnnie. I won't matter in those minutes. Stop it. Stop it. Let's talk about Paris.

But it wasn't until Howard Winthrop's party three days before the test flight that Frances lost control of herself. It was a launching party, as Howard Winthrop called it.

"You can't very well throw a bottle of champagne at an aeroplane," he said. "So I've thrown a party. And the toast is . . . Hush-Hush Two, coupled with the name of Johnnie Manners. Good luck, both of you."

"Good luck."

Even afterwards Frances did not know why she did it. Maybe it was because Johnnie looked so much like a schoolboy who'd been made captain of the school "fifteen." Perhaps it was Mary Trevor and the look in her grey-green eyes as she lifted her glass to Johnnie. More likely it was that Frances had not said: "No, thank you," so continually at this party.

"Curse the Hush-Hush Two," she exclaimed, and crashed her glass to the floor. The sudden quiet and the look of amazement in Johnnie's eyes were like a glass of cold water dashed in her face. She just stood there and took, mechanically, the fresh drink that Howard Winthrop handed to her.

"Just a little strung up, eh?" he said. "We all are." And, suavely, with a word here and a wink there and another record on the gramophone, he had his party swinging along in the way his parties always did.

Please turn to page 12

Living in the shadow of the whirling planes, her heart was never free from a gnawing anxiety.

Amazing, New Shampoo Discovery Sweeps Aside Old-fashioned Methods

Thrills Nation with Beautifying Results

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type foam shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant glistening halo—

Try it soon—see how beautiful YOUR hair really can be. Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. *It isn't an oil! It isn't a soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before.*

Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops of Colinated "foam" Shampoo and instantly you get a glorious billowy bubbly foam, five times more than soap lather. So neutral that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly, and you're through.

"What," you say, "no special rinses, no vinegar, no lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No, they are NOT necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvellous part. Colinated foam Shampoo cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre, as ordinary soap washing or powder shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean.

Doctors recommend it because its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair.

Only half a teaspoonful for a perfect shampoo . . . the most economical and beautiful shampoo you have ever used.

Try Colinated "foam" Shampoo at once . . . It costs less per shampoo. And is obtainable at all chemists and stores.

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FAR ABOVE RUBIES

A Complete Short Story

Illustrated by NEWMAN

Cliff saw Cynthia coming towards them and beckoned gaily.

By FRANCES HOWARD

NOT a programme rustled. Not a chair scraped. The Dean, legs crossed decorously in his chair, had forgotten to look attentive; he was attentive.

Clifton Day, standing before them on the platform, giving his valedictory address, felt the magnified singleness of the vast auditorium's attention; it gave him a curious feeling of heady power. He had their attention.

Lightly and skilfully, he shattered their gravity; the tension associated with all big public gatherings broke, relieved and grateful laughter rolled over the hall; the Dean and faculty exchanged proud glances.

Yet, intuitively, Clifton sensed that something more was expected of him; there was appeal as well as affection in the faces turned up to his. His classmates were hoping for a reassurance of some sort from him, their proudest candidate, that this farewell he was saying for them was not in fact a final farewell; that this going out alone into the world was not a permanent breaking of friendships which, they had suddenly realised, they were going now to miss. And all at once young, lonely and boyish, they stared up at him with an unformed question in their eyes.

Instantly, with the quick sensitiveness which was one of his greatest natural assets, Clifton scrapped the last three paragraphs of his prepared speech, and broke, instead, into a few impromptu sentences in which he mentioned the sacredness of old ties, his hope that they would all be able to keep in touch through the long years ahead, and his belief that this was only the beginning of many life-long friendships.

It was the right note. He felt it. He saw it in the misty grey eyes of the Dean. He heard it in the thunder of applause from the far galleries to the speakers' platform.

Afterwards, when the class was broken up into the gay confusion of many separate groups, sandy-haired Jimmy Laughlin put the general feeling into words. "Cliff," he said, "you were wonderful. You said it for us, everything that was kind of worrying us . . . it made me feel all warmed up inside. Especially that last part about sticking together."

Clifton gave Jimmy the full charm of his smile. He was genuinely fond of Jimmy, whom he could always make laugh with a cleverly-turned phrase and who had given him for four years, from his unobtrusive obscurity in the rear of the class, an awkward but genuine hero-worship. He liked the looks of Jimmy's girl, Peggy. Just the girl for him.

Clifton decided she was shy. He was about to put her at her ease with some kindly banality, when he saw Cynthia coming towards them, and beckoned gaily.

"Unfortunate girl who has consented to marry me," he said to Jimmy.

They accepted this without question, curious to see what type of girl could aspire to such a kingly consort. And yet she was exactly the mate for him; you felt it at once. She made Peggy, inexplicably, feel a little frumpy and overdressed. But Jimmy accepted Cynthia without question as a decorative complement to Clifton and someone who might, in future, make a good companion for his girl.

"That's great," he told her. "Are you getting married right away?"

"On the twentieth!" she said. "It seems dreadfully close, doesn't it?" And the look that she and Clifton exchanged warmed their sentimental hearts towards her at once.

Peggy said impulsively: "Oh, that's wonderful! We're going to have to wait a year—and maybe more, if Jim doesn't get a job right away."

Then she was sorry she had said it. But why? Cynthia was terribly polite about it. She was more than polite—she was kind. That was it, she was just a little too kind. And yet how can a person be too kind?

Peggy didn't know, and nobody else noticed. The conversation, gay, bright and sparkling, had gone beyond her. Cynthia was saying, "I loved the ending of your speech, darling. I always do, whenever I hear it. It's one of my favorite endings." And Jimmy was laughing with Cliff as un-selfconsciously as if he had not himself just praised it, in all sincerity. That was one of the nicest things about Jimmy. He had no vanity, no front, and he knew he wasn't clever. It pleased him to be with people who were.

Now, earnestly, he said to Cynthia, "I hope you'll persuade Cliff to go into politics. He always hoots at me when I mention it. But I think he ought to do it. Why, Cliff can out-talk anybody in a debate. Whatever he thinks, he can say."

"If I think," said Cliff lightly. But he was touched by Jimmy's earnestness; and perhaps his imagination was fired a bit.

"Old Tom Killery," he said casually, "you know, Jim—Scrub Killery's father?—he comes from my district at home—he's what you call the 'boss.' He just came up and gave me a 'fight-talk on climbing onto his band-wagon—said he'd train me and give me a helping hand—'It's in the bag,' he said. 'You've got what it takes. Why, I was watching the Dean during your spiel, and you even got him!'"

Amid the bright shower of their laughter he shone, at the end, with a newer and more splendid gilding. They saw him now as a Mayor—an M.P.—as Premier Day, in a high silk hat, the wild crowds cheering, and Cynthia beside him, smiling graciously, poised and splendid.

"You must certainly give it consideration, Clifton," said Cynthia. "What sort of man is this Killery?"

Lightly, skilfully, as he had punctured the tension in the assembly hall, he blew it away from them now.

"It's too long a story, Cynthia, darlin', and might lay me open to a libel-suit. What about tea?"

They were leaving. Blown on high, propitious breezes, they were sailing out of their lives forever. Jimmy looked at Peggy dumbly. She said quickly, speaking with a sort of shy desperation: "Couldn't you have tea with us? We'd love so to have you. We were just going to get some ourselves."

"A splendid idea," said Clifton, so heartily that she knew he had sensed her effort, and was being kind. "Are you on, Cynthia?"

Cynthia was terribly disappointed. She let them know she was disappointed, by the extra cordiality of the glance she bent on them, by the regret in her voice as she put her hand quickly on Clifton's arm. "Oh, dear, Cliff! If only we hadn't told the Davidsons!"

Clifton glanced at her quickly. "The Davidsons," he repeated. His mobile face screwed into a grimace as he looked at Jimmy. "That's right. How could I possibly have forgotten that we are having tea with the charming Davidsons?"

Jimmy burst out laughing, resigned to his loss. "He's dreadful," Cynthia said apologetically, "he's really dreadful. And you do understand, don't you? How badly I feel that we couldn't——? But we'll see you at the wedding, won't we? We'll all have a grand reunion at the wedding!"

But at the wedding, the satin-clad line wound two abreast through the big house for the privilege of a quick handshake with the handsome couple in the flower-laden conservatory, and afterwards they could not find their modest bonbon dish amidst all the shining splendor of the wedding silver.

CYNTHIA and Clifton went for a world cruise on their honeymoon, and were still away when Jimmy got his first increase in salary, which, as he said, he should have saved for a couple of good theatre tickets, but on which he and Peggy slipped around the corner and were married instead.

If you are poor, have few friends and are working hard, it is possible to submerge more completely in a big city than in any uncharted sea. Jimmy's sandy head and Peggy's curly brown one sank from sight beneath the monstrous marine undergrowth of the city without a trace; and not a printed bubble floated up to indicate their whereabouts.

They knew, however, through the obliging medium of the papers, when the Clifton Days arrived home on the newest liner, breaking a trans-Atlantic speed record; and Jimmy laughed over the picture of Clifton scowling into the bright sunlit glare. Carefully, Peggy's manicure scissors making a funny scalloped frame around it, he cut it out.

"Have to look old Cliff up," he said.

Peggy, carrying a heated plate with a holder made of a folded dish towel, set the plate down carefully, avoiding Jimmy's eye. "Yes," she said. "Why don't you, darling?"

Clifton Day said the same thing to Cynthia, efficiently supervising the unpacking of the wedding silver. "Have to look old Jimmy up," he said. "Why don't we get him out here to Edgewood for a week-end sometime? He and that nice little girl he married."

Please turn to Page 16

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A.I.F. sees Cairo on guard. This sandbag nest with its Bren gun protects a bridge.

OFFICERS of an anti-aircraft unit on leave train to Cairo.

OUTSTANDING among first pictures of A.I.F. in Egypt is this study of a young Digger pondering what to do in a desert littered with kitbags.

RACE MEETING at Cairo. The A.I.F. goes racing whenever opportunity permits.

ON LEAVE . . . Diggers are happy as sandboys

Glorious time for troops in colorful Cairo

By Beam Wireless from REG GLENNIE, Our Special Correspondent with the A.I.F.

"On leave in Cairo, one of the world's most colorful cities. Oh, boy, is that a break after months of training in Palestine!"

This is how one happy Digger summed up the general feeling of the boys on leave in Egypt's capital.

THE slouch hat is once again a familiar sight in the city, and the men on leave, bronzed and incredibly fit, are enjoying what they consider to be their last leave before going into action.

Out in the desert, where somewhere over the horizon are Graziani's lines, they are stern, hard-bitten fighting men trained to the minute. In Cairo on leave they are happy, light-hearted youngsters. The maze of streets and squares gets them confused. One Digger told me: **"I get my bearings from the statues. There seems to be one or two in every square.**

"When I see one I remember I know where I am."

The price of everything in Cairo is the only complaint I heard.

"Cripes," said one burly soldier, "15 piastres (3/9) for a haircut and shave. It will be a long-haired army until we get back to the camp barber again."

Expenses do sky-rocket in Cairo, but the boys save enough for a visit to the "Musky" (native" bazaar), where jewels, shawls, perfumes and trinkets are on display. Purchases are made for Mum and the girl friends to a running fire of good-humored banter on both sides.

Longing for bush

EVERY soldier revels in the change from camp life Cairo affords.

One Digger said to me: "Life in the desert makes you appreciate the Australian bush. When I get home I'm going to live in a place where there are plenty of gum trees.

"You feel like that when all the sands of the desert begin to blow into your tent at the one time!"

The Diggers on leave in Cairo don't patronise the trams a great deal, but prefer to dash about in gharries, and, believe it or not, the Cairo zoo is a most popular spot with the men of the A.I.F.

I met five husky soldiers, Ron Wood (Manly), Ned Kater (Nyngan), Ted Body (Trangie), Bill Howell (Bowral), and Pick Ryrie (Sydney), who told me why.

It wasn't the animals that attracted the troops. It was the unbelievable coolness and pleasant surroundings making for complete relaxation and forgetfulness of camp routine.

Beneath eucalyptus trees and alongside the kangaroo enclosure men sprawled out on the grass.

Anzacs and 'roos

"SMELL those gum trees, and see those 'roos. It makes me feel I am back home!" said one of the fellows as a camera clicked, and a picture of the five A.I.F. men having a riotous time on leave in Cairo was in the bag.

Under the banyans, willows, and poincianas I saw dozens of Diggers similarly spending the afternoon.

Leaving this party, I made off for the Pyramids. I stopped at Mena House, where I saw several Australian and New Zealand troops taking tea or drinks on the verandah overlooking the Pyramid of Cheops.

At the foot of the Pyramids hundreds of troops—Tommies, Highlanders, Indians, Diggers, and New Zealanders—were bargaining with camel-owners for the "round trip" to the Pyramids and Sphinx.

Australians prodded the camels to make them faster mounts. So did the N.Z. boys.

A British Tommy clasped his arms around the camel's neck, pleading with the owner to make it go slower.

"I've never ridden a horse, let alone one of these things!" he cried.

Corporal Keith MacGregor (Camberwell) sat on the lowest row of stones of the Pyramid talking to three guides. He was waiting for his pals, Bill McLean (Canterbury) and Alex Moroney (Tempe), who were crawling up inside.

"This place fascinates me, but I had enough of crawling about inside the last time I came," MacGregor said.

I had seen at first hand how some Diggers spent their leave. Others go trips on the Nile.

Some play cricket, some hockey at Gezira Club, where officers patronise swimming pool, golf course, and other amenities which are made available to them by joining the club at a special low rate available to Dominion and British troops now serving in Egypt.

The club has a magnificent situation on an island in the Nile. Every sport can be played there from croquet to polo.

I felt I'd like to take a week off to see more of the sights which are becoming familiar to Australian troops, but with units scattering throughout the Mid-East it is difficult to get around covering their activities in the theatre of war, and quite impossible to follow closely the lucky ones on leave.

PRIVATE MAC WILSON (left) and Private Ken Moses with a Bedouin chief at a race meeting in Palestine.

CAIRO ZOO, place of unexpected coolness, attracts the A.I.F.

HOTEL TERRACE in Cairo where fashionable crowd now mingles with khaki-clad soldiers.

Staged own race meeting

THE Diggers here still retain their love for horse-racing, and the beautiful track at Cairo is a spot often visited by them—just to see how racing is conducted in Egypt.

The successful meeting staged by the A.I.F. in Palestine may mean something of the same kind here later on. This meeting, held at Barbara, near Gaza, in which the Arab horses bore the names of famous Australian horses and carried A.J.C. colors, was vividly described by a Digger who, back in Australia, races his own horses.

There were sheikhs, Arabs, soldiers, Poles, Jews, Palestine police, Englishmen and others all hanging over the same rails watching the races. There were a "Tote," a bar, and everything else that suits a racecourse. The Arabs were just as excited as anyone else while the races were on. They were terribly funny when riding; they had on vests from the A.J.C. and their curls were all spruced up for the occasion.

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JANET HARVEY-GEORGE looks over her cabled proposal once more during lunch hour in the Botanic Gardens, which are near her office in Adelaide.

Found cabled proposal on her office desk

How Adelaide business girl was wooed and won by a soldier

When Janet Harvey-George, 20-year-old Adelaide business girl, sat down at her desk one morning she found a cable waiting for her. It was a proposal from her sweetheart with the A.I.F. in England.

Lieutenant Alexander Moncrieff had cabled asking her to marry him. "I was thrilled," she said, "but I said nothing to anyone for a couple of hours." Then she rang up her parents and his to tell them all about it.

"BECAUSE it was Alex's birthday two days later I cabled my acceptance at once. I hope he got it in time. His mother said it was the best birthday present I could give him," said Janet. The lieutenant's cable was sent on September 10, but wartime delays kept it from reaching Adelaide until October. The acceptance was cabled the same day.

Her only confidant in the office was a great friend who went along after work to help her send her answer.

They sent off two cables. The other was from Lieutenant Moncrieff's parents, saying "Happy Birthday. Congratulations."

All the office knows now of the engagement and congratulations and good wishes are being showered on Janet.

Miss Harvey-George works as a clerk in the Electric Supply Company in Adelaide, and usually lunches in the Botanic Gardens, near her office.

She carries with her the cabled proposal. It never leaves her.

"I am sure you will understand if I don't show it to anyone," she said diffidently in an interview.

"I am so glad that Alex cabled, because although cables are delayed letters are even slower."

Tea with the King

SHE had her last letter three weeks before.

"Alex wrote that he had had afternoon tea with the King. He said that all the men think that the King is a very fine fellow. He seems to know all about soldiers' jobs and to take such a great interest."

This hazel-eyed soldier's fiancee is not interested in proxy weddings.

"No proxy marriage for me," she said decisively. "I don't know what my plans will be. I wish I could go over to England," she said wistfully.

Of course, no ring has arrived yet for Janet.

She is wearing on the third finger of her left hand a quaint little betrothal ring which belonged to her late grandmother, Mrs. Mallam, in London.

It was brought out here by her mother more than 33 years ago. In an old-fashioned claw setting is a single diamond with two tiny rubies on each side.

As well Janet is wearing and treasuring her fiance's wrist-watch. Just before he left Australia he bought himself a new watch so he gave her the one he had been using.

A typical man's watch it is, with a broad wrist-band which covers quite a lot of Janet's slender arm.

The romance between Janet Harvey-George and Alexander Moncrieff is of about five years' standing.

They met when Alex was attending a Scout Corroboree at Belair in the lovely Mt. Lofty Ranges where Janet's home is.

She fell in love with the tall, broad-shouldered Scout Master, a distinctive figure with his blue eyes and almost white hair, although he was only about 24 years old.

He fell in love with brown-haired Janet.

The friendship continued steadily. Four years ago Janet began work at the Electric Supply Company in Adelaide, where she is a clerk in the meter accounts branch.

"I'll always be able to check up my electric light accounts if they are wrong, when I'm married," she said with a smile.

Lieutenant Moncrieff worked as an electrical draughtsman at the Islington workshops with the South Australian Railways.

He was always keen on military work and was in the 27th Scottish Battalion for four years before he joined the Second A.I.F. He is a very good rifle shot.

Soon after war broke out he joined up, and was in the first lot of A.I.F. men to go abroad.

LIEUT. MONCRIEFF photographed in Adelaide just before he went away with the Second A.I.F.

JANET, back at work in her office uniform of dark blue and white, checks over meter accounts at the Electric Supply Company, Adelaide.

Romance is in the air in the Moncrieff family at present.

At the time Alexander was sending his proposal to Janet, one of his sisters, Joan Moncrieff, was being married in Durban, South Africa, to Captain Bagley, on service in South Africa.

His mother, Mrs. A. S. Moncrieff, an ardent war worker, now has two military men in the family to work for. Not only does she knit for these two, but she also spins and weaves cosy garments for them.

In the window bay of the Moncrieffs' attractive drawing-room at their home in Kensington Gardens is a loom where Mrs. Moncrieff spends much of her time.

The traditional ordeal of "meeting the girl's people" will have to be borne alone by Lieutenant Moncrieff.

Meeting relations

BUT his fiancee in Australia hopes that it won't be long before they can "do the rounds" together, and meantime she counts the minutes on the wrist-watch he left her to wear.

Janet is the youngest child of a family of five. None of them is married yet.

Her eldest sister, Kathleen, is at home. Her only brother, Edward, is at present in England and working in an aeroplane factory. He went abroad three years ago to visit his parents' people and has stayed on ever since.

Elizabeth, who comes next, is a governess in the country. Marguerite, nicknamed "Bunty," is a comptometrist in a city store.

Mrs. Harvey-George was a Londoner, and is grieving very much about the air raids.

She says that she hopes that her daughter's fiance would be able to see something of her people in London and of her husband's relatives in Cornwall.

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I worked behind a canteen counter....

Now I know it's no glamor job handing out pies and frankfurts

By DOROTHY DRAIN

I did a night's work in a canteen this week—and it upset a lot of my preconceived ideas.

Because there are waiting lists at nearly all these canteens run by women war-workers for soldiers, I thought it was mainly fun.

And—I blush to say it—I thought the younger girls worked in them largely because they met so many nice soldiers.

WELL, you meet the soldiers, and it's fun, right enough, but it's also darned hard work.

After six hours handing out pies and frankfurts and sandwiches and coffee and tea, running back and forth with trays of dishes, cutting bread with one of those terrifying bread-cutters, I came away filled with admiration for the girls and matrons who do the work regularly.

Six o'clock one night saw me a "canary" in the Women's All Services' Canteen, Sydney.

"Canaries" is the soldiers' nickname for the yellow-uniformed workers.

All day and all night Central Railway Station echoes to the tramp of army boots—soldiers on leave from the camps, on their way back to camp, sometimes bound for unknown destinations.

And, day or night, they mostly drop in to the canteen for a cup of tea or coffee, a rest, or a sing-song round the piano.

To the accompaniment of "Roll Out the Barrel," banged out on the piano by a sailor who might have been Pop-Eye's original, I learnt dazedly where the pies and the toast were located behind the long buffet counter.

By seven-thirty I could remember two pies, one sandwich, two coffees, and a tea without milk without feeling I was a dimwit let loose among a host of efficient young women.

The sailor at the piano had given way to a young airman who was weary of telling each of 30 counter workers she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen.

"What time do you knock off, sister?" became a familiar refrain. It's a routine question among the boys. In the rush hours a smile does for an answer.

Certainly there are numbers of budding romances at this as at other canteens. No wonder, with the hordes of pretty girls who leave shops' counters and typewriters and even waitresses' jobs to help on the night shift.

But there has to be fast work on both sides. The sixty-odd workers on shift sometimes serve food to as many as 600 soldiers in an hour at this canteen.

Older women mostly prefer the work behind the scenes, but, surprisingly enough, there are dozens of shy girls who work all night in the kitchen, cutting sandwiches interminably, wielding the heavy tea urns, or ladling out the soup, rather than face the good-humored badinage from the soldiers.

Meeting the boys

GOOD-HUMORED it is, for in all the hundreds who come in, many of them at night somewhat unsteadily, there is nothing but gratitude for the helpers.

Personally I enjoyed the counter.

There was Paddy, the horse-breaker, not long out from six months in hospital because of a tougher horse than usual, now a camp cook, but longing sometimes for the feel of a bridle in his hands. And there was Lance-Corporal Scott Galloway, one-time lorry-driver, bread-carter, milk-carter—and "wouldn't change the army for a job at ten quid a week."

There was Sergeant John Flynn, who carries on his University study of Italian and German, and conducts on N.C.O.'s class in these languages; and Aircraftsman T. Whalen, who ran away from home at 15 to join the navy, has since been a Mickey the Mouse impersonator, tramped and jumped the rattler round Australia, and longs still for the smell of the sea.

There was the small private, minus teeth, who wanted "a cup of tea and a piece of soft cake, Miss," and presented me with a microscopic mandarin.

And the sad-faced soldier who asked for a paper bag. I carried his request to the store—for the canteen's motto is service—to be told, "Don't be silly, he wants to blow it up and frighten you."

Only a flicker of a smile illumined the sad-faced soldier when I took him a piece of brown paper instead.

Ten o'clock, and mince on toast. The small dark girl on the toaster, who had been slapping down pieces of toast for three hours, refused relief.

"Go and get some more bread and butter," she told me, "and don't cut the bread too thin."

Two pounds of butter to be softened with hot water. It's easy when you know how.

In the kitchen I found one of the world's best washers-up . . . Mrs. Gordon Young, of Coogee. She does it every Friday night for six hours at a stretch.

Her energy is typical of the thousand-odd who staff this canteen under the leadership of Mrs. King-Patrick.

My poor feet

BACK to the counter, with feet beginning to feel like a policeman's, to find a flutter of excitement. A soldier had just put a pound in one of the collection boxes.

This canteen is free. Men who can't help with money often do with work. Mrs. T. Hager, O.C. of the West Australian detachment which does the Friday shift, told me that that morning a sailor had scrubbed all the floors.

Eleven-thirty, and the noise becoming deafening. As the boys get their night's celebrations over, they drop in for coffee before returning to camp.

By now I was so dazed that it was harder than ever to find which of a hundred-odd soldiers I was serving, and I found myself standing vacantly by the tea urn, remembering with a jolt that the order was coffee.

The "canaries," with a nervous eye on the clock for last trains and buses, were getting ready to depart and make way for the midnight shift.

The little dark girl slapped her last piece of bread in the toaster, and took her efficient little self into the night.

I sank wearily into a taxi. It had been fun, right enough, but don't let anyone tell me any more that the canteen workers do the job from any but unselfish motives.

A PIE FOR GUNNER C. CUNNINGHAM. Dorothy Drain, Women's Weekly reporter, finds meat pies the favorite order.

Churchill's mother was his inspiration

Continued from page 2

NOT only did she have the gift later exhibited by her son Winston for political campaigning and political manoeuvring, but, like him, she enjoyed these pastimes to the hilt.

How valuable were her counsel and influence—especially after Lord Randolph Churchill's death—to the young Winston, launching his political career, the present Prime Minister has himself testified.

"My mother was always at hand to help and advise," he writes in his book, "A Roving Commission," "but she never sought to exercise parental control.

"Indeed, she soon became an ardent ally, furthering my plans and guarding my interests with all her influence and boundless energy.

"She was still at forty young, beautiful, fascinating.

"We worked together on even terms, more like brother and sister than mother and son. At least, so it seemed to me. And so it continued to the end."

She lived to see her beloved son Winston carve out a place for himself in the successful conduct of the first World War.

Perhaps, even without Jennie Jerome behind him, gentle Lord Randolph might have risen to be Secretary of State for India and Chancellor of the Exchequer and parliamentary leader in the House of Commons. With her, nothing could stop him!

Perhaps without her their boy Winston might have developed from a dunderhead schoolboy into one of the most widely read and truly cultured men in public life, from a careless polo-playing cavalry blade to the man who carries on his broad shoulders the burdens of an empire in danger.

Perhaps—but those who knew Lady Randolph Churchill and who know Winston Churchill best do not think so.

For years he never made an important speech in the House of Commons without the encouraging knowledge that his handsome mother was sitting in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery, following his every word.

One culminating quality which Jennie Jerome's American blood undoubtedly contributed was a deciding factor in enabling her son to maintain that independence of position which has been his strongest asset.

The Jeromes were people who worked for a living. Winston Churchill has worked for a living, too—and has earned a good one throughout his long career.

Earned living

HE wrote industriously for the papers—at first for the smallest sums; he became a war correspondent; he wrote books.

In spite of his official duties and preoccupations, he managed to earn an income which sometimes reached as high a mark as £20,000 a year.

Moreover, he married Miss Clementine Hozier, a beautiful and charming woman with whom he has lived an ideal family life; but Miss Hozier brought him only herself.

It is an achievement of which Winston Churchill is frankly, boyishly proud.

"During all these twenty years I maintained myself, and later on my family, without ever lacking anything necessary to health or enjoyment," he relates. "I commend my example to my son, indeed to all my children."

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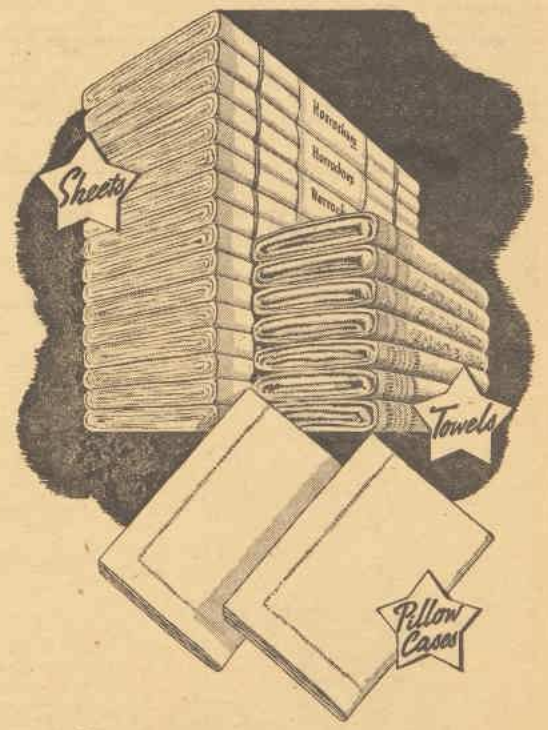

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MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

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Merry-go-round

Continued from page 3

SHE would go, and she would ride on the roundabout, and wear her little hat with pink roses. And perhaps, who knows, she would find a friend. It was terrible to be twenty-four and have nothing.

She had got as far as this when she heard a bump and a scream.

Miss Glasson had fallen downstairs. She had launched herself wildly as one of her own arrows from the upper landing, and arrived on the hall linoleum in a way she never meant. There Diana found her, very angry indeed, with a sprained ankle and multiple bruises in places Miss Glasson would not demean herself by mentioning.

Diana was not very good at a thing like this. She felt frightened and cold and sick. On the bed Miss Glasson lay looking a rather dingy green and told her she had better go for the doctor.

Diana ran hatless down the road. Miss Glasson must be pretty bad to send for Dr. Petersen, whom she hated. What if Miss Glasson were to die? What if . . .

"Can I give you a lift?" said a pleasant voice. Diana turned quickly.

A young man leaned from a car window, but at the time Diana was too distraught to think really much about him.

"It's an accident. If you'd go down the road and fetch Dr. Petersen for me."

"What sort of an accident?"

Diana's explanation was a little incoherent. The young man got out of the car.

"Looks like a piece of luck," he said, smiling at her. He had a charming smile. "For I'm a doctor myself. I'm the new assistant to Dr. Petersen. Where is the patient?"

It certainly looked like a bit of luck. Breathlessly Diana conducted him indoors.

"Frampton, my name is," said the young man. "Michael Frampton. I only arrived here this morning. Didn't you know the doctor was going away?"

"No. We—we don't go about very much. Miss Glasson is rather old."

"What are you doing here? A relation?"

"Oh, no. Only a companion."

"I don't expect that's much fun."

"No," said Diana. "In here, please."

Miss Glasson sat up in bed. She wasn't exactly pleased to see him, but she was pleased not to see Dr. Petersen.

"If my back wasn't so stiff I could have bound it up myself," declared Miss Glasson. "If Diana wasn't such a ninny she could have done it for me."

He gave Diana an appraising look, before sending her off for bandages and water. When she got back he was chatting amiably to Miss Glasson about the burglary at Slinfold.

"In these country places people are so foolish," said the doctor. "They leave valuable stuff lying around just anywhere. It's my belief these local fairs are responsible for a good many of the burglaries. What is easier than to nip into a house when everyone is away?"

"People should be more careful," observed Miss Glasson. "I have some very valuable old silver here, Queen Anne. But I never leave it about. I have a special safe built into the wall. Diana puts it away every night."

The doctor said he was glad to hear it. She was very wise.

He followed Diana downstairs, chuckling quietly to himself.

"I wonder if you'd mind getting me a drink of water. I'm frightfully thirsty. I've driven rather a long way."

Diana opened the sitting-room door, and left him there, while she ran down to the kitchen.

He drained the glass she brought back. Then he said: "Doing anything this evening?"

"I never do anything in the evening," said Diana.

"Come to the fair with me."

She was too surprised to answer, for a moment.

"Meet me at eight, by the roundabouts," he urged. "Will you? I'd like you to so much."

She laughed suddenly. Why not? Other girls went out with young men nowadays, even if they didn't know them very well. It committed you to nothing.

"All right."

"That's fixed, then. Wait for me, if I'm not punctual. I haven't found my way about this place yet, and a doctor's time isn't his own."

She watched his tall figure out of the gate, elated, but suddenly a little doubtful. Had she been rash? What would Miss Glasson say!

Miss Glasson wasn't going to say anything. She wasn't going to know.

It was no great matter to put the clock on for an hour and persuade Miss Glasson she wanted her sleeping draught earlier after the shock she had sustained. But all the same, Diana felt a little guilty when she did it, for she was not much good at guile.

AT half-past seven Diana let herself out of the house quietly, her heart beating wildly with excitement.

The lights from the fair filled the sky. Gay music from the hurdy-gurdies reached her from afar. In the rectory field, a cheerful crowd milled and pushed. The policeman stood in the gateway, combining business with pleasure.

Suddenly, for no particular reason that she could explain to herself, Diana wished she were not meeting the doctor. She looked about for his tall figure, and was relieved to find he wasn't there.

The roundabout was just slowing down, its jerky tune dying away. The man in the engine peered out, waiting for his next passengers.

Someone said, "Coming up?"

A pleasant young man with a lot of sandy hair sat gallantly astride a blue horse. He held out a hand to help her.

"The moment that red hat came into the field, I marked it down," he said. "So now I'm in luck. Don't tell me you are here all alone?"

"I'm waiting for someone," said Diana, and again wished she weren't.

"Don't tell me you live here," said the young man. "That would be almost too much."

He was laughing, and yet she knew in a way he was serious. There was fun enough in life, once you managed to get yourself out of Miss Glasson's front gate, thought Diana.

"I live here," said Diana.

"And there is even the chance that we might meet again," said the young man. "Now I shan't mind my exile as much as I thought I would."

The music started, cutting short this amusing conversation. Diana grasped the mane of her dashing horse with one hand, and her little hat with the other. It was fun.

"We go round again, I think," he said, when the music stopped. He paid for her. The tall figure of the doctor did not come to break the idyll.

But something else did.

Just as the ride was at its fastest, there came a horrible memory.

She had not put away the silver, the precious Queen Anne silver that was the pride of Miss Glasson's life! She had left it lying in the sink, beside the draining board.

She would have jumped off the roundabout before it had slowed down if the young man beside her had not restrained her.

He said quickly: "Are you feeling ill?"

She shook her head. "No. It's not that. It's something I haven't done. I must go, at once. Please let me go."

He said, "I can't bear this. We were getting on so nicely and now you fly away from me."

"Listen. I was to have met a very tall man here. His name is Dr. Michael Frampton, Dr. Petersen's new assistant, but he hasn't come. Will you tell him I'll be back? My name is Diana Graham."

She ran down the hill.

The young man stood looking after her perplexed and worried.

. . .

Diana let herself in at the front gate, quietly.

The front door was open.

Surely she had never done that! . . . or yet left the light on in the sitting-room. Had Miss Glasson got out of bed and hobbled downstairs, and discovered her absence?

Sick with horror of this thought, Diana tiptoed into the hall, and looked into the lit room. Then she stood still, staring, her hand to her throat.

Dr. Michael Frampton was on his knees beside the safe!

The little brown bag she had seen in his car that morning stood open beside him, but it did not contain medical implements. She said, unsteadily, knowing the answer quite well: "What are you doing?"

Very quietly he got up and came to her, and put a hand over her mouth.

"Sorry, my dear. It's a case of business before pleasure. Now don't scream or do anything tiresome. I'd hate to have to hurt you."

Skilfully and neatly he gagged her and tied her hands behind her. Then he lit a cigarette and went on with the job. There was no sound in the quiet room, save the clicking of the fastening, as he tried to find the right combination number.

Diana's mind worked swiftly. She saw it all only too clearly, now. He had never intended coming to the fair. That was just a convenient manner of getting her out of the way. He wasn't afraid of Miss Glasson. He could deal with her if she awoke and heard him.

Soon he gave a little cry of triumph, and swung the safe door open. Then she heard him curse softly. He turned to her.

"What's this? Where is the stuff kept?" She said it was in here!"

He got up and loosened the handkerchief round her mouth.

"Where is the silver?" he asked, softly. "Come on, you'd best tell me. Is it upstairs?"

She stared at him, trying to think of a good lie. If she could only temporise, and keep him looking, someone might come. Yet who could come? Everyone was at the fair.

Quite obviously he wasn't Dr. Michael Frampton. She knew that now, too late.

He said, gently: "Come on. Where does she hide the stuff that's worth having?"

She closed her eyes for a moment, and swallowed hard, making up her mind. Then she said weakly: "All right. I'll show you."

He untied her hands. She moved away from him towards the oak cupboard beside the fireplace, putting a small table laden with Miss Glasson's excessive bric-a-brac between them. Before he realised what she was about, she picked it up and threw it at him, so that he stumbled and fell over it.

BEFORE he was on his feet again she opened the window and screamed at the top of her voice for help. His face changed. His eyes were ugly. "You little devil. I'll . . ."

Then he stopped. There came a sound of the gate clicking.

He dropped her, and seized his bag, and ran. Through the french windows out into the back garden he went, and rage that he should escape dimmed everything else in Diana's mind. The only weapon to hand was Miss Glasson's bow and arrow. Diana had never used it herself, but she had often seen it done, and now, poised in the french windows, she fitted the arrow and drew the bow.

With a heartening whang it departed into the night, as the policeman came running in.

"Quick," gasped Diana. "Out there by the shrubbery."

In the shadow of the laburnum tree, someone was cursing softly, but it was not the tall young man with the bag. It was her companion from the roundabout, and he was bleeding from one hand. "Who fired that thing?" he asked angrily.

"I did," faltered Diana. The young man laughed.

"That wasn't necessary, Diana. As a matter of fact, I'd been hit before," he said softly. She didn't realise what he meant at the time, but she remembered afterwards.

"The fellow has gone, I'm afraid. He almost knocked me down, as I was trying to head him off this way. I say, you'll have to bind me up. I'm bleeding."

The policeman had gone out to telephone. The young man sat on a chair in the hall, watching Diana whimsically, as she bound him up.

"What a night!" he said. From above Miss Glasson began shuffling. She peeped down over the stairs.

"Diana. What is all this? Men, at this time of night!"

"It's all right, Miss Glasson. It's only the police. There has been a burglar. He burst open the safe."

Miss Glasson gave a little scream. "My silver, my silver."

"But that's all right, Miss Glasson. He didn't get it. I had forgotten to put it away. It was in the sink, and he never thought of looking there."

"You naughty girl. How often I have told you! But as it happens, what a good thing. Oh, dear."

"Here, bind me up quick," said the young man. "I had better go and have a look at the poor old thing. Expect she's had a shock."

"But what can you——" began Diana.

"That's all right. I haven't explained yet, have I? One of the lions absentmindedly took a snack off its keeper's arm, and they sent for me. And the reason I flew to the rescue like I did was hearing you say that fellow told you he was Dr. Petersen's new assistant. You see, he couldn't be. Because I am!"

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"WELL...HERE WE ARE"

Happy children from England's danger zones safe and sound in Australia

(See story on Page 35.)

TWO LITTLE Londoners, now temporary Australians, Lance Nicholson, blowing a balloon, and his pal Hilary D'Arcy.

THE SCOTS lend us Christopher Gough, in Ewart tartan.

LANCASHIRE LAD Donald Cocker, from Oldham, with true Northern energy carries his case and gas-mask ashore.

EVELYN BROWN, of Blyth, Northumberland, is gleeful.

"FRA' GLASGIE" comes Ramsay MacDonald, who farewells sailor friend Yosef Chabowski before leaving the ship.

AT GAY PARTY of welcome, Pearl Young, of East Yorkshire, shows toy crocodile to Christine Russell, of Red Calf, Yorkshire.

HAVING A GRAND time are Mary M. Miller, of Glasgow, Greta Clough, of Gatehead, County Durham, and Betty Hare, of Essex, before going to Australian homes for duration.

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Test Pilot's Wife

Continued from page 5

JOHNNIE, too, was sweet. "I always did say Winthrop made his cocktails too strong," he said, one arm round her as they drove home in the little two-seater half-an-hour later and hours before the party broke up. "Let's have the windscreen up. Fresh air's what you want. Say, can't Mary Trevor shut 'em?" She'd have preferred him to be angry, to have told her what kind of a fool she'd made of herself—and him. In his kindness and his tenderness she saw that he had at last discovered what Mary Trevor had always known.

It was to torture herself that she said: "Why did you have to pick me, Johnnie? You should have married Mary."

"Say, I won't have my choice of wives criticised by anyone," he said, holding her closer. "And don't interrupt my thoughts. And you know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking that maybe after this trial I'll get in touch with your Uncle Toby about that job. Why, if I couldn't write aviation articles better than . . ."

That wasn't the answer. Frances knew what the real answer was. She'd failed. But it was Mary Trevor who showed her how complete was her failure next morning.

"A nice act you put on last night," said Mary, leaning slimly against the door, watching Frances clear the breakfast table.

"I never could act," said Frances.

"No," drawled Mary, tantalisingly. "But you've a long memory. You remembered what I told you about Howard Winthrop not liking his pilots to have nervy wives."

"Howard Winthrop's not changed his mind?" she asked.

"As if you didn't know he would. Your gamble's come off, Frankie. He's dropped Johnnie without a parachute. Tommy Thompson's the blue-eyed boy from now on."

"Why should Johnnie get the blame because I made a fool of myself?"

"Why bother, Frankie? You know you're glad."

"Supposing I am?" she said. "I love my husband."

"Love him!" Mary retorted. "I call it ownership. Yes . . . you want to own his life, not share it. What's it matter to you if he loses all he's striven for, so long as he's around to make you happy? His life? Why, he's lost his life now without ever taking the plane up! Don't you understand? He's killed as a test-pilot . . . and you've killed him."

"How dare you!" Frances was flaming now. "You talk like that when . . ." She stopped, her temper under control as she realised how nearly the unforgivable had slipped from her tongue.

But Mary Trevor had already gone.

At lunch Johnnie was quiet and unhungry. It needed no question for Frances to know that he, too, had heard the news. It was not until the evening that he made any comment.

"Guess Winthrop's right. Taking up the Hush-Hush Two isn't a job for a married man."

Frances kept her eyes on her book. "He didn't think that way when he sent Gerry Trevor up."

"Oh, but everybody knew Mary was as tough as nails," he exclaimed, impetuously. "She made Gerry the pilot he was . . . encouraged him . . . made Winthrop give him all the jobs that a test-pilot prays for——"

Frances closed her book abruptly. "Don't, Johnnie. I know I'm a failure. You needn't rub it in."

"Sorry, Frankie," said Johnnie. "I didn't mean it that way."

It became unbearable to be in the same room with him as the day of the test came nearer. His eagerness to assure her that his days as a test-pilot were over was as agonising to her as she knew answering Uncle Toby's letter was to him.

"We'll have some grand times when we get to London," he said, staring at the notepaper on which he'd written three words.

"I think I'll let you write that letter in peace," she said. "A walk will do me good."

If Mary Trevor was surprised to see her she didn't show it. "Come to tell me what an impossible person I am?" she asked.

"I've come to ask your advice," said Frances. "I'm worried about Johnnie."

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "I should have thought your worries were over now."

Frances jumped her fence. "You were right, Mary. I have killed him. And, worse still, I've killed something in our lives. In his heart he's going to hate me for taking him from the work he loved—and he'll spend his time hiding it from me." She looked at Mary. "Oh, I know you can't understand. To you aviation has always been an exciting adventure."

"I hate it," said Mary, "because it took from me the only person I've ever loved."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry . . . I never realised . . ." Frances was shocked at the bitterness in the other woman's face.

"It's a relief to be able to talk to someone who feels as I did—once." Mary smiled at her. "Yes . . . I was like you . . . just as afraid . . . just as jittery. My heart was never free from a gnawing anxiety. For ten years I hid it. Then . . . the night before Gerry took up that plane I let him see it. That's why he crashed. Test-pilots must think of their jobs . . . not their wives." She looked at the one photograph on the table. "It's because I loved him that I stay on here . . . hating the sound of a plane . . . loathing all this talk. But in doing that I feel I am paying for my selfishness."

"I don't think you were selfish."

"I was!" exclaimed Mary. "If I'd been as brave as he was he'd be alive to-day."

"You can't help being afraid if you're in love," said Frances.

"No . . . but you can hide your fear. We should have married clerks . . . you and I. And now, poor Tommy Thompson, who's just about scared stiff anyway, will take that plane up to-morrow and crash it and himself. Poor boy!"

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Frances, indignantly. "Am I to sacrifice Johnnie for someone who's not fit to lace his shoes?"

"No, you're to sacrifice your selfishness so that you can keep your husband's love. If Tommy crashes to-morrow, Johnnie will blame you. Oh, he won't show it . . . but you'll never be able to forget it."

"You're right . . . I know it," said Frances distractedly. "But it's too late now. I've failed Johnnie . . . and if Tommy kills himself——"

"You leave Tommy to me," interrupted Mary. "If you can find a way to make Johnnie believe you're not afraid I'll see that Tommy doesn't take that plane up."

"I could do that even now. But how will you——"

"Oh, I'll take Tommy out on a wild party to-night and let Winthrop hear about it."

"You can't. It would kill his future as a test-pilot."

"Better than killing himself to-morrow."

"You're rather wonderful, Mary. You've taught me a lot."

"I'll teach you one more thing, then. When a test-pilot goes up with his mind on his job, he always comes down wheels first."

"I COULD shake that Howard Winthrop," Frances said on her arrival home.

"Did you meet him?" Johnnie asked. "Just like him to have a casual flirtation in the dark."

"Don't be silly! Anyway, do you think I'd flirt with anyone as dense as he?"

"Dense! Why, he's as clever as—"

"As you," interrupted Frances. "Oh, but all you men are the same. You never can see what's in front of your noses. Any woman would have known I was jealous of the Hush-Hush Two."

"Eh!" exclaimed Johnnie.

"Yes! Jealous! When I heard everyone praising a silly old plane I just had to say 'curse.' What about the pilot? What about my husband? Couldn't anyone give him any credit?"

"Listen, Frankie." Johnnie grasped both her arms so tightly that she had no need to pretend to look surprised. "I've got to get this thing straight. Were you just jealous at that party?"

"Was I jealous!" Frances laughed. "I was so jealous I didn't even care that you all thought I was afraid. Why, I was glad! I thought someone else would take it up and the test would fail and then they'd know you were the best test-pilot in England."

"I could shake you now!" said Johnnie, grimly. "Because that's just what is going to happen. Oh, I don't mean anyone's going to think I'm good. I mean, Tommy will crash that plane . . . You're a little fool, Frankie."

"You'd better get some sleep, darling," said Frances. "I've got a feeling you're going to take that plane up to-morrow."

He shook his head. "If only I could believe that, I'd be really happy. Gosh! How can I sleep when I know Tommy won't make it?"

But he was still asleep next morning when the phone call came from Winthrop. "You're right, Frankie." He turned a face so incredulous to hers that she nearly laughed outright. "Tommy's been on a party. Winthrop's not going to risk it." He listened at the receiver. "What's that? Will my wife mind? Hey! What do you think, Winthrop? She wasn't scared. No . . . just jealous! Yes . . . jealous, I said. What are you laughing at? Why shouldn't she be?"

It's all right now, thought Frances, and was amazed at the difference in herself. Even when she presently watched Johnnie walking across the flying field to that sinister stripped machine, she was conscious of no fear. And when the plane screamed downward in that last mad dive, her heart knew only a fierce exultation.

It seemed only a few minutes later when he came to her, still in his flying clothes.

"We did it," he said, a white grin across his face. "They're signing the contracts now. And what do you think? Winthrop wants me to become a director of the company . . . and design planes from now on."

"Darling!"

"But I'm not taking it. I'm going to become 'Our Aviation Expert' for your Uncle Toby."

Frances clutched his arm. "Johnnie . . . you're not to."

"Oh, yes I am. Do you think I want you sticking around this joint . . . getting to be a woman like Mary Trevor?"

"Listen, Johnnie." Frances hid her smile with her hand. "You're going to be an aeroplane designer . . . and I'm going to be like Mary Trevor . . . but not in a way you'll ever recognise. Oh, Johnnie, if our trip to Paris wasn't going to be a second honeymoon I'd ask if she could come, too."

"Hey! We want to talk about something else besides planes in Paris. What's Mary know about love? Come here!" It always feels like this, thought Frances, like a plane soaring beyond the clouds to the blue skies . . . but there's no more fear . . . now . . . for me.

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Animal Antics

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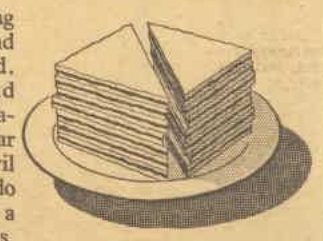

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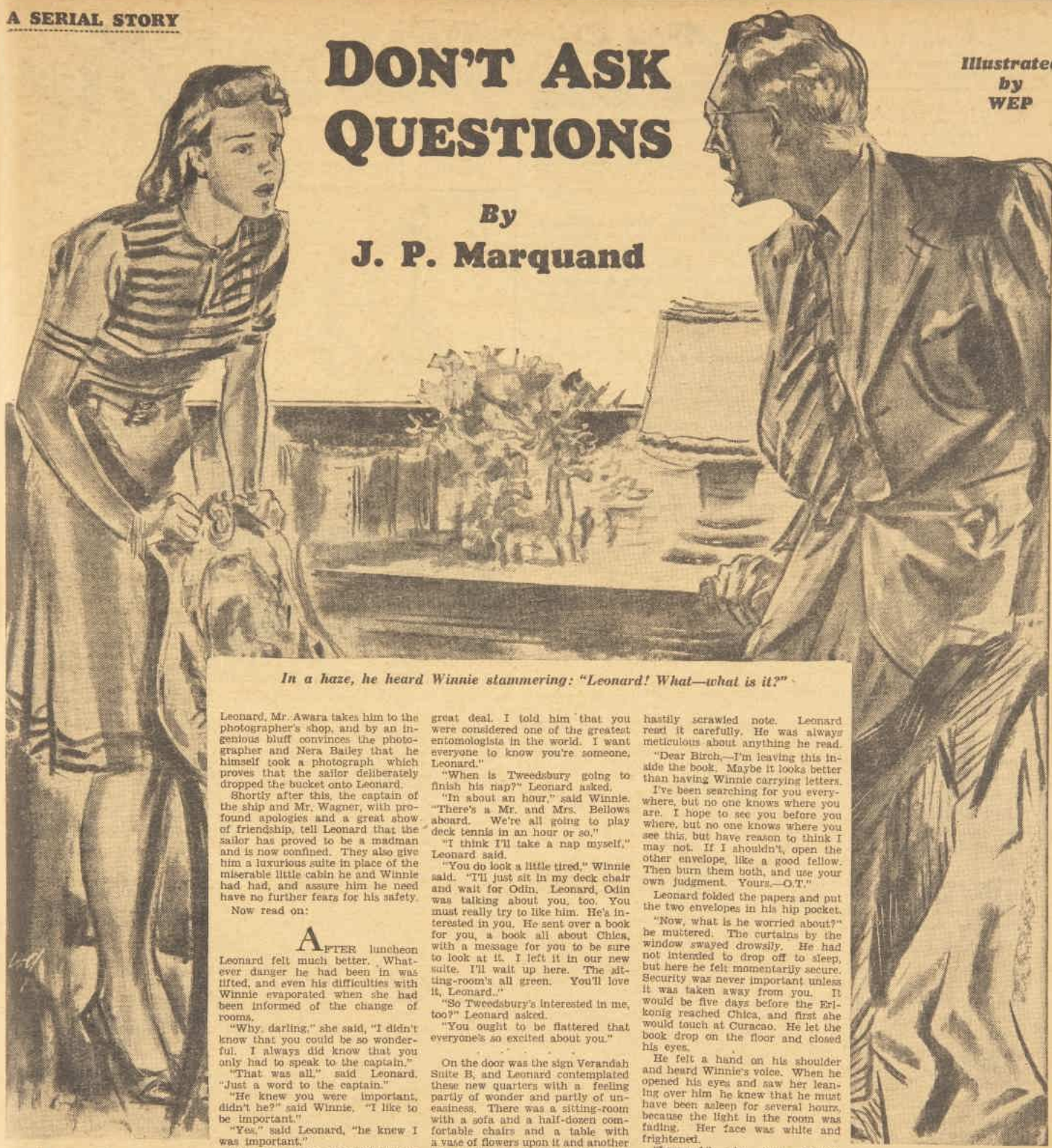
A SERIAL STORY

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS

By

J. P. Marquand

Illustrated by WEP



In a haze, he heard Winnie stammering: "Leonard! What—what is it?"

A SINISTER web of political intrigue is fast entangling the distinguished scientist, DR. LEONARD BIRCH, and his pretty, young wife, WINIFRED, aboard the cruise ship, Erikonig.

Leonard is on a scientific mission to the Republic of Chica in South America, but political motives are obviously attributed to him by Mr. AWARA, a Japanese, and ADOLPH WAGNER, one of the purser's staff, whom Leonard recognises as a former member of the German secret police, while ODIN TWEEDSBURY, an old friend of Winifred, who professes to be a British Army man on leave, mysteriously advises Leonard not to leave the ship at Chica.

On the first day at sea two attempts are made on Leonard's life, the first when a bathroom grating slips, and the second when the cruise hostess, NERA BAILEY, coaxes him to pose for a photograph near a mast from which a sailor drops a heavy bucket, narrowly missing him.

Later, seeming to join forces with Leonard, Mr. Awara takes him to the photographer's shop, and by an ingenious bluff convinces the photographer and Nera Bailey that he himself took a photograph which proves that the sailor deliberately dropped the bucket onto Leonard.

Shortly after this, the captain of the ship and Mr. Wagner, with profound apologies and a great show of friendship, tell Leonard that the sailor has proved to be a madman and is now confined. They also give him a luxurious suite in place of the miserable little cabin he and Winnie had had, and assure him he need have no further fears for his safety.

Now read on:

AFTER luncheon Leonard felt much better. Whatever danger he had been in was lifted, and even his difficulties with Winnie evaporated when she had been informed of the change of rooms.

"Why, darling," she said, "I didn't know that you could be so wonderful. I always did know that you only had to speak to the captain."

"That was all," said Leonard. "Just a word to the captain."

"He knew you were important, didn't he?" said Winnie. "I like to be important."

"Yes," said Leonard, "he knew I was important."

"And now we can be comfortable," Winnie said. "Have you been down to see the suite, dear? The carpet and curtains are green, and the bathroom is all blue, and the bedroom is almost as big as the sitting-room, and Captain Schmidt has sent us flowers. He must be an old darling."

"Just a darling old sea dog," Leonard said.

"And now you're not cross any more," said Winnie.

"I haven't been cross at all," said Leonard.

"Oh, yes, you have," said Winnie. "You've been nasty all the time you've been aboard the ship."

"Where's Mr. Tweedsbury?" Leonard asked.

"He's gone," Winnie told him. "Odin said he didn't feel well after lunch. Leonard, I had such a nice talk with that Japanese just now. He's been with me ever since he left you downstairs. Why is he so interested in you, Leonard? He's been asking me everything about you."

"What sort of things?" Leonard asked.

"Of, everything. About all the places you've been to, about everything you've done. I told him a great deal. I told him that you were considered one of the greatest entomologists in the world. I want everyone to know you're someone, Leonard."

"When is Tweedsbury going to finish his nap?" Leonard asked.

"In about an hour," said Winnie. "There's a Mr. and Mrs. Bellows aboard. We're all going to play deck tennis in an hour or so."

"I think I'll take a nap myself," Leonard said.

"You do look a little tired," Winnie said. "I'll just sit in my deck chair and wait for Odin. Leonard, Odin was talking about you, too. You must really try to like him. He's interested in you. He sent over a book for you, a book all about Chica, with a message for you to be sure to look at it. I left it in our new suite. I'll wait up here. The sitting-room's all green. You'll love it, Leonard."

"So Tweedsbury's interested in me, too?" Leonard asked.

"You ought to be flattered that everyone's so excited about you."

. . . . . .

On the door was the sign Verandah Suite B, and Leonard contemplated these new quarters with a feeling partly of wonder and partly of uneasiness. There was a sitting-room with a sofa and a half-dozen comfortable chairs and a table with a vase of flowers upon it and another with a reading lamp. Heavy glass doors, which were still closed tight, opened upon a small private deck.

The sitting-room, as Winnie had said, was done in green, and the bathroom was in light blue tile. There was a lounge in the bedroom, and beds with beige silk covers. It seemed a desecration to lie down on one of them for an afternoon nap.

Leonard took off his coat and kicked off his shoes, and then he noticed a book upon the bedside table. It was the volume which Tweedsbury had sent him. That gesture of Tweedsbury's puzzled him in a way, for Tweedsbury did not seem like the sort of person who would be casually lending books. Leonard lay down and pulled up the pillow, and then he picked up the volume. It had a bright orange wrapper and its title was equally brilliant—Come With Me to Chica, the Beautiful, by Lady Guinevere Fawcett.

He had just started to turn the pages when he was surprised to have the book open and reveal a thick letter—on ship's stationery—with his name upon it. It was sealed and he opened it. There was a second envelope inside, also sealed, and a hastily scrawled note. Leonard read it carefully. He was always meticulous about anything he read.

"Dear Birch,—I'm leaving this inside the book. Maybe it looks better than having Winnie carrying letters.

I've been searching for you everywhere, but no one knows where you are. I hope to see you before you where, but no one knows where you see this, but have reason to think I may not. If I shouldn't, open the other envelope, like a good fellow. Then burn them both, and use your own judgment. Yours.—O.T."

Leonard folded the papers and put the two envelopes in his hip pocket.

"Now, what is he worried about?" he muttered. The curtains by the window swayed drowsily. He had not intended to drop off to sleep, but here he felt momentarily secure. Security was never important unless it was taken away from you. It would be five days before the Erikonig reached Chica, and first she would touch at Curacao. He let the book drop on the floor and closed his eyes.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and heard Winnie's voice. When he opened his eyes and saw her leaning over him he knew that he must have been asleep for several hours, because the light in the room was fading. Her face was white and frightened.

"Leonard," she was calling, "Leonard."

"What is it?" Leonard asked her, and he raised himself to his elbow. She started to speak and a sob choked her.

"What are you crying for, Winnie?" he asked.

"It's Odin—" she began.

Leonard sat up and swung his legs off the bed. "You mean Tweedsbury?" Leonard asked. "What's the matter with Tweedsbury?" Everything had come back to him by then—the book, the letter.

"Odin," Winnie sobbed. "Odin's dead."

WHEN she had finished he found that he was standing up, holding her in his arms, and she was clinging to him, trembling. His nature and his training had made him cold and literal, but now all sorts of emotions broke through. Fear was a part of what he felt, and with the fear came anger.

"What happened?" he asked.

"It's true," Winnie sobbed. "The doctor told me."

"The doctor—" he said slowly.

"The doctor told me," Winnie said again. "It was a heart attack. I was waiting for him to play deck tennis. I kept waiting and waiting, and then the doctor came. He was taken ill in his room. He was so well, so strong."

Leonard had stepped into his shoes and he was tying up the laces; clumsily, because his fingers shook.

"Leonard—" Winnie began.

Leonard put on his coat and then he put on his glasses. He was trying to think of the best thing to say to her. It always hurt him when she cried, and she had said that very morning that he never told her anything. "Winnie," he said, "don't cry. We're quite a way from home. I never should have brought you." He moved closer to her and whispered. "Don't say too much. Someone may be listening. I want you to stay right here—right here till I get back."

Her eyes grew wide and startled.

"If he's dead," he told her, "there's nothing we can do."

"Leonard," she said, "someone's knocking."

"All right," he answered. "Just stay right here."

Please turn to page 34

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 26, 1940

OUR PRINCESS SPEAKS—

THE voice of Princess Elizabeth over the radio came as a distinct thrill to millions of Australian listeners.

To us it was more than the voice of the young girl who is heir to the Throne—it was the voice of Empire Steadfast.

Since the war many such voices have come into our homes.

We have heard the ringing words of Prime Minister Churchill; the calm, steady voice of the King; the human, reassuring messages of the Queen; but the broadcast of Princess Elizabeth had a special poignancy.

She was talking to the children of the Empire, but the nursery door was open for the grown-ups to hear.

And what an inspiring lesson we got from this child speaking to the children of the Empire.

There was not a word of protest or complaint in the broadcast.

No mention of bombed homes and frightened children; no reference to the terrors of the war on children.

Instead, the little Princess, who some day we hope will be another Elizabeth of England, said:

"When peace comes, remember it will be for us, the children of to-day, to make the world of to-morrow a better and happier place."

Words that show the Empire Steadfast.

Even the children of England possess this steadfastness, from the Royal Princesses down to the little evacuee who, when rescued from the torpedoed City of Benares, said: "I didn't cry. Hitler isn't going to frighten me."

There were tears in the eyes of adults for such courage symbolised by the Princess' broadcast — sympathy for young shoulders braced for the burden of Empire, young eyes looking forward to a happier world.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A sergeant in a machine-gun battalion at sea to his wife in Balmain, N.S.W.:

"LAST night I felt really homesick. The night was hot and I went out on the darkened deck.

"Somehow it brought scenes of the past when we first met and all those times so long ago when you and I had no worry or cares, and now——

"Well, we must just wait and pray for the time when we can be together again.

"To-day we are sailing along through waters that are deep blue. Gee! What a good time we could have had together on board.

"Anyhow, that's something else to live and wait for, and then love and laughter again."

❖ ❖ ❖

Driver Jack Pye to his mother in Dubbo, N.S.W.:

"JOE and I had 36 hours' leave.

"We saw all the old historical places we could in the time.

"Westminster Abbey is very glorious inside. The Houses of Parliament—the House of Lords and the House of Commons—took us nearly all day to go through.

"It is lovely to see the old designs and paintings on the walls. We finished up with Big Ben.

"Gee whiz, Mum, it is high! Three hundred and seventeen steps I counted. And lastly we went to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is most lovely inside.

"Leave wasn't long enough, and money not nearly enough, but we had a marvellous time."

❖ ❖ ❖

Poem by an Australian soldier printed in an Egyptian paper, and sent to Mrs. J. Waters, of Quarry Hill, Bendigo, Vic., by her husband:

WHEN the din of war is over,
And we're back in civvy life,
When the years have put behind us
All these days of toil and strife
There'll be moments in the silence,
When we'll hear those rifles crack
And in silence we'll remember
Looking back.

There'll be voices seem to call us
From these lands across the sea,
Scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow,
Living ever in our memory.
True-blue pals we left behind us,
Tom, and Harry, Bill, and Jack,
And in silence we'll remember
Looking back.

And maybe should it happen
That we'll greet you all no more,
For that's a chance we all must take
When duty calls to war,
You'll know we went without regret,
From city, and bush track,
And I know you'll not forget us
Looking back."

Composed by VX4667.

Winnie the war winner

"Now, isn't that more home-like?"

Petty-Officer W. S. Greer, to his wife in Clovelly, N.S.W.:

"AT 9.30 a.m. the other day we fired our first angry shot of this war against enemy aircraft. This was the first action—or I should say part action—that we have been in.

"I have often wondered what the emotional feeling would be like when face to face with stark reality.

"But I was surprised at my feeling—and the few to whom I have spoken appear to have experienced the same feeling—one of complete calm, with the mind fully occupied with the job to which one had been assigned, and all the time wanting to know how many planes we had brought down."

❖ ❖ ❖

Pte. T. J. Levett in Palestine to his father in Barooga, N.S.W.:

"IT is Saturday afternoon and there are football and cricket matches being played between the companies.

"Discipline and training have settled down to firmness now, and no laxity is allowed. However, once you get used to it it becomes a habit to do things according to rules and regulations of which there are quite a lot.

"Most of the camp work, such as rubbish gathering, wood chopping, etc., is done by Arabs, so we don't get many fatigue parties as we are too busy for that.

"We have an Arab contract barber who shaves us for 3d., and you can have a shave, haircut, shampoo and face massage for about 1/6. He does a very good job, too."

A private in Palestine to his wife in New South Wales:

"EVERYTHING is ready for the big race meeting to-morrow. The track is only a few yards from my tent, and I could watch the events quite comfortably.

"The Arab horses, although not very fast, are very beautiful creatures. The Arabs themselves have turned up in full force. I dare say you are wondering where they are to spend the night, but accommodation does not worry them, for they are now asleep on the race track.

"Whole families arrived, father, mother and about six little brats, and last but not least a donkey on which father rides while the rest of the family trail along behind.

"There is little doubt that it will be a big day to-morrow. They have even saved Australian beer for the occasion."

❖ ❖ ❖

A sergeant in Palestine to his wife in Merrylands, N.S.W.:

"I HAD an interesting experience the other night, coming down from Haifa.

"Beautiful moonlight, good roads, bowling along, when suddenly saw a camp fire, with a crowd of Jewish lads and lassies sitting around singing songs, just like our hikers at home.

"They sang out to me, so I stopped and was welcomed into the circle. Some spoke broken English, and before long had me singing.

"Someone suggested a dance, and in the light of my headlight they danced various weird Russian dances on the tarred road. It was a quaint scene.

"I had to push along, worse luck, because various ones had me interested in the details of their persecution in Germany. They had a rough spin all right.

"By the way, we will have to buy a tent when I come home. A house is a thing of the past for us. We would miss the wind pulling the pegs out, and the dusty floor."

❖ ❖ ❖

A Queenslander in England to his sister, Miss Joan Wilson, Rockhampton, Qld.:

"WE are in bell tents—six of us to a tent. **As we are all over five foot eight we find it a hard job to squeeze in without having our heads outside.**

"We had King George VI out to inspect us. We lined the road and waited for him to come along.

"When he arrived he was on foot and walked between our ranks and inspected us. I can tell you we got a thrill out of seeing him for the first time."

❖ ❖ ❖

A gunner in Darwin to his sister in Reedy Creek, Vic.:

"FOUR of us went for a hike of 15 miles into the bush, after geese and ducks.

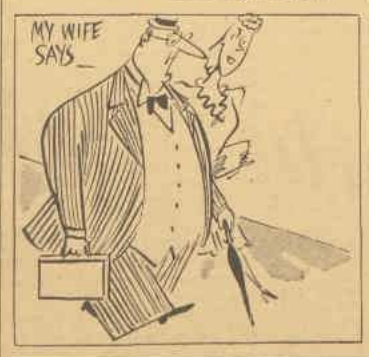
"All we saw were a few ibis and plenty of wallabies.

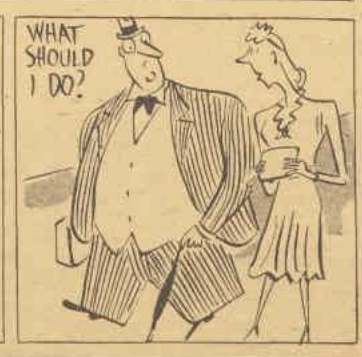
"We shot two of the latter, but the pelts are not much good in this climate.

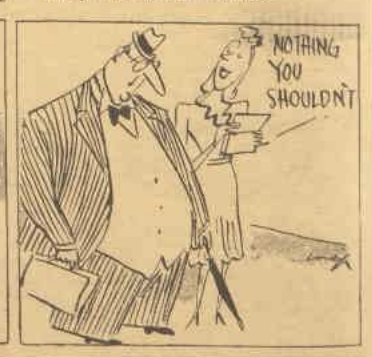
"We met one of the bush abos, and his gin and he stayed with us until we shot the first wallaby, which he promptly threw over his shoulder, said 'good night' (it was about 2 p.m.), and disappeared.

"He told us his name was 'Turtle,' and was very amusing to talk to. He reckoned wallaby was No. 1 fella tucker."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY .... *By WEP*







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What to do when you're a Dude on a Dude Ranch

Dad and Dave go all "cowboyish"... "It's Hya, folks," now, not "G'day"

What with their corrals and chaps and bunkhouses and tenderfeet, "Dude Ranches" are becoming popular in Australia.

So popular, in fact, that it looks as if we'll soon see Dave getting around with tassels on his leggings and a red shirt and a hat with a brim on it like a bike-track.

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

IT'LL be a nice little gesture to Uncle Sam anyway, and it won't be long before a friend back from a holiday on the ranch will be showing us a photo of himself sitting on a dejected-looking horse.

"One of the worst buckjumpers in the country!" he will explain proudly.

"He looks pretty miserable there, anyhow."

"Ah! But that was after I'd ridden him to a standstill."

It's going to be very hard to put up with.

Guest cowboys sitting on top of the stockyard fence singing "Gimme My Boots and Saddle" will be suddenly interrupted by a loud gasp of amazement. "Good heavens! What's that!"

"What?"

"That there! It's coming towards us!"

"It's all right. That's a cow."

"Oh, is THAT a cow? Quaint looking things, aren't they? Do they bite?"

"No. They're vegetarians."

"That may be so, but you told me that about horses yesterday and almost immediately afterwards one of them tried to bite a piece out of me."

"He was only being friendly and nuzzling you."

"Oh, yeah! Like the ram that knocked George down this morning. I tell you, this place is positively perilous. Danger lurks on every hand. Why, they even killed a snake yesterday. A wild one."

"Well, if it's dead, you've nothing to worry about."

"Ah, but Dave told me that the mate of this dead snake will start searching for him. Didn't you hear them howling last night?"

"They were dingoes."

"Well, that's a kind of snake, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure. We'll have to ask Dave. Here comes Miss Smith. Oh, good morning, Miss Smith. Come and sit down."

"I'm sorry, but I can't sit down. I don't think I'll ever get on a horse again."

"We're a bit like that, too, but we found that once you get over the first shock of sitting down you're pretty right so long as you sit quite still and don't move. There's a nice smooth bit of rail just here. We've been saving it for you. Gently now."

"Ooh! It's dreadful, isn't it! But I'll be all right in a minute or two."

"You haven't got that on your own. We've been sitting here for two hours. We're not sure whether we'll be able to walk when we get up."

Disturbing the peace

"DO sing us 'Home On the Range,' Miss Smith."

"Well, I'm not sure that I should. Last time I sang it one of the station hand's horses bolted and cleared three fences before he could be pulled up. The man on the horse looked very annoyed when he got back. Muttering to himself, he was. I could only understand a few words of what he said. The rest seemed to be in some foreign language."

"I wonder if we could go along and see the cows being milked?"

"They milked them about four o'clock this morning."

"Gracious! While they were asleep? I think that's a mean trick!"

"Doesn't seem the sporting thing to do."

"Perhaps they wake them up first."

"If they do it's no wonder they loll about so much during the day. Have you noticed how their eyes are all slightly bloodshot?"

"Lack of sleep, I should say."

"Here comes Dave. 'Lo, Dave!"

"Good-day—I mean, hya, folks! Mum says will you come and have a cupper tea and a bit of cake up at the bunkhouse?"

"Do you think we'll be able to walk that far, Miss Smith?"

"I'll try. Ouch!"

"Stick to it. We haven't far to go. Anyhow, Hopalong Cassidy used to walk like this."

IT LOOKS as if we'll soon see Dave getting round with tassels on his leggings and a hat with a brim on it like a bike-track.

After a few weeks of this dude-ranch life the city cowboy will board the train home with a huge sigh of relief, and go to his office feeling so glad to be back that everyone will say, "My word, you look well! The holiday has done you good."

And the Boss will remark to his partner, "We must try to persuade the staff to spend their holidays on one of these dude ranches. Look what a difference it's made to Brown. He actually seems glad to be back at work!"

"Yes. And do you notice that he's not always grabbing opportunities to sit down, like he used to. On his feet all the time."

Well, dude ranches might be becoming popular, but not with me.

Anyhow, what do Dad and Dave do when they've got a few bob 's spare? They come to town.

That doesn't say much for this "Home on the Range" business.

First thing in the morning—Gibbs, to keep your smile sparkling all day. Last thing at night—Gibbs, to search out every fragment of food that could cause decay . . . to make your mouth clean, sweet and healthy!

Gibbs for economy too! The 1/- tin lasts for 116 days, the 1/6 tin for 216 days. Change to fragrant, foamy Gibbs to-day!

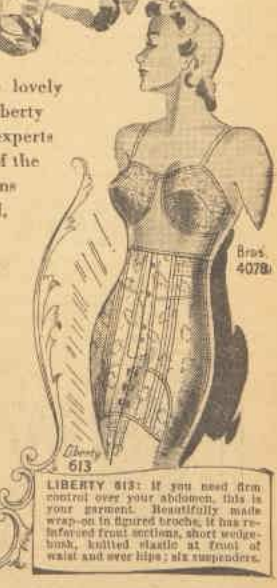
Gibbs Dentifrice

Small Tins - - - 1/-. Large Tins - - - 1/6. Large Refills - - 1/3

G.9.26

Modern mothers stay young and slim

MOTHERHOOD need not mar the lovely lines of the figure cared for by a Liberty Foundation. Designed and cut by experts who have made a scientific study of the feminine form, Liberty Foundations support where support is needed, mould and control with subtle flattery. Flawlessly fashioned from fabrics available only to the world's largest corset manufacturers, they are high in fashion, low in price.



LIBERTY 613: If you need firm control over your abdomen, this is your garment. Beautifully made wrap-on in figured broche, it has reinforced front sections, short wedge-hook, knitted elastic at front of waist and over hips; six suspenders.

Liberty FOUNDATIONS

Watch for announcements of stations featuring Liberty's brilliant and entertaining raido show "VOICES OF THE STARS" . . . and times of broadcasts.

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Self preservation

nowadays means a greater reliance on the products of science: and one of the latest, most effective, weapons science has given us is the modern antiseptic known by the brand name 'Dettol.' In minor accident, in major operation, in daily hygiene, in time of epidemic, 'Dettol' can save you anxiety, pain and danger. Ask your Doctor.

Feminine Hygiene—Write for free booklet on this subject post free from Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Box 2515 B.B., G.P.O., Sydney.

'DETTOL'

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

In 2/- and 3/6 bottles

A1704.P

3 FIRST PRIZES AT BABY SHOWS

—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Mrs. E.L.W., of East Sheen, is proud of her son's complexion. It has won him 3 first prizes, and she gives much of the credit to Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

She writes: "Donald is a winner of 3 first prizes in baby contests. Once he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W4-69

ARE YOU NERVY?

Does the war depress you, make you feel moody and depressed? If so, you need the tonic stimulant and pick-me-up of Cream of Yeast. A tablet or two taken with a glass of water will give miraculous results, pep you up, give you new "life" and vitality, overcome that nervous irritability. Make you feel better, look better, work better, too, because Cream of Yeast contains the active elements of live yeast, the recognised blood purifier and tonic. Fully guaranteed.

CREAM of YEAST

Sold everywhere. 1/3, 2/-, 3/6 and 5/9.

Far Above Rubies

Continued from page 6

"WE must, darling. As soon as we're settled a bit," Cynthia said sweetly.

His heart warmed towards her. That was the wonderful part of Cynthia. She never said no, she received pleasantly every suggestion. She had made his interests hers; she studied the different groups and cliques of Edgewood, what people should be asked together and which were avoiding the others like poison.

She was, Cliff thought proudly, adaptable. She was charming to old Tom Killery, who called at the house with plans afoot to run Clifton in the next elections. He went away singing her praises.

She was every bit as charming to Mrs. Sydney Wentworth, who called the following afternoon to invite her to join the Garden Club.

"Anyone who can be helpful to you, darling!" she said to Cliff afterwards. "Those are the people I want to collect."

There are certain years when the tempo of life is mysteriously accelerated, so that events and people flash by with extraordinary speed. On such a period Cynthia and Clifton were now entering. Clifton was swept up increasingly by political meetings, speeches, dinners, in addition to his regular work; Cynthia by pleasant feminine entanglements.

She had no time for excess contacts, no matter how charming; she went directly to the people from whom she desired things. Their calling-list was a roll-call of the oldest names in Edgewood.

In May, Cynthia's baby was born, a little boy with cinnamon-colored hair and wide blue eyes like Cliff's. Clifton was jubilantly happy. As he circulated among the charming and gracious crowds that flowed through the rooms at the christening party Clifton had to admit that Cynthia had been right; these were the people to know in Edgewood; the rest were hardly worth thinking about.

In the autumn, Clifton was elected Town Councillor by an imposing majority. It was true his whole party was swept into office, but Cynthia felt in her secret heart that there was something special about Cliff's election.

Jimmy Laughlin sent him a note of congratulation. Clifton felt a pang. He had almost forgotten Jimmy in the rush of the elections. He looked Jimmy up.

Jimmy had been made junior partner of his firm; his face had filled out a little, he wore a better-fitting suit, but except for that he hadn't changed a bit. He was wholeheartedly glad to see Cliff.

His earnestness embarrassed Clifton, but it touched him, too, in the special way Jimmy always had the power to touch him. They had, Jimmy said, seen the picture of Cynthia and the baby in the paper; they had cut it out. Almost diffidently, he mentioned that he and Peggy had a baby now too, a little boy, Jimmy Arthur Laughlin, jun. When Jimmy mentioned that they wanted to get the baby out of the city, Clifton said impulsively, "Why don't you come out to Edgewood?"

The Laughlins moved to Edgewood.

Cynthia was pleased. She said she was pleased; and assented immediately to Clifton's proposal that they ask them to dinner.

BY the extent of his relief, Clifton knew that he had been a little worried about the plan.

He was a trifle disappointed when he heard that she had asked the Smiths to meet them; he did not like Allison Smith, thinking her small-minded, sharp, and given to fawning flatteringly on Cynthia.

Allison Smith, with a few casual questions, placed Peggy to her own satisfaction and after that ignored her completely. It became, after a while, very awkward.

And yet things were almost as bad with the men. Claude Smith started out by asking Jimmy, rather pompously, if he were any relation to the Franklin Laughlins of Ardmore, great friends of his.

"No," said Jimmy naively, and laughed. "I'm not any relation to anybody, so far as I know. Except for some cousins in the West."

Cynthia saved the situation by quickly changing the conversation. Cynthia really did wonderfully; Clifton could find no fault with her. But there was an undeniable feeling of relief when the Laughlins left, and Clifton could not but be conscious that they felt the same way. After this he saw Jimmy Laughlin only at his office.

Cynthia was faced with a more difficult problem. When she met Peggy Laughlin she was most charming; she always stopped to speak to her. But such meetings grew rare; she did not see anything of the Laughlins for a long time, although she heard from Clifton that their second boy was born two months after Cynthia's little girl.

Clifton had formed the habit of dropping in frequently at Jimmy's office in town after work. A lot of people seemed to have the same habit. Perhaps it was because Jimmy was always so whole-heartedly glad to see everybody.

Men went out of his office with sagging shoulders mysteriously lifted, whistling tunes that were already old. People took their problems to him and he gave them all the same earnest attention.

Clifton spoke to him about it, gently. "These people are just taking advantage of you, Jimmy. You give them free advice and what do you get out of it?"

"Oh, well," said Jimmy, embarrassed, "who says my advice is so hot? They know I'm interested, and they've got to have someone to tell their troubles to. You're a politician, Cliff. You ought to know that."

"Politics," said Cliff, blowing smoke-rings, "is a You-Scratch-My-Back-I'll - Scratch - Yours proposition, Jimmy. It's just a game. You ought to get wise to it. Nobody as soft as you could ever get by. People don't know whom they're voting for half the time."

Jimmy frowned a little thoughtfully. "I wonder if the general mass of voters is as dumb as you think, Cliff. Sometimes I think that people like you, who are so clever, have a tendency to underrate other people's intelligence simply because they can't express themselves so well. Just the same they've got ideas—and in the long run, I wonder how much anybody kids anybody else?"

Clifton got up lazily to go. "May you never know, my boy," he said. "May you never know." But he thought of the remark the following afternoon when he bumped into Tom Killery in front of the Edgewood Post Office. Clifton had not seen Tom for some time; he was uneasily conscious of the keen scrutiny of the handsome grey eyes that swept his face.

"Well, young-feller-me-lad," remarked Tom, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

Clifton flushed. "I've been meaning to get in——" he began.

"Skip it," said Killery, not unkindly. "Save your politeness for the stuffed shirts, my boy; it don't have a vote. And speaking of votes, you getting around a good bit these days?"

"Why, yes," Clifton said. "I think I can say that, Tom."

Tom Killery nodded; but still he looked dissatisfied. "That's fine," he said, "that's a good boy. I was asking young Laughlin yesterday——"

Clifton stared at him, surprised. "I didn't know you knew Jim Laughlin."

Killery laughed shortly. "I guess everybody in town knows Jimmy."

The remark, or perhaps the way Tom had made it, stuck unpleasantly in Clifton's head. But, as Cynthia pointed out comfortingly later when Clifton went up for re-election, it would show whether he had friends or not.

More and more he came to lean on Cynthia's judgment; but he feared sometimes that a certain impatience was growing in her. She worried about the children, every detail of whose lives she oversaw.

Clifton had never seen her so upset as the afternoon that Clifton, jun., came home with a dirty face and a cut lip, and said that a boy at school had knocked him down.

"What boy, darling?" said Cynthia.

"A boy named Jimmy Laughlin. He said I was a fat sissy and pushed me."

Cynthia reported it indignantly to Clifton, sen., that night; it gave him an odd feeling. But he would not allow her to write a note to the principal, nor would he promise to complain to Jimmy Laughlin.

Cynthia revenged herself by telling Celia Maddox what little savages the Laughlin boys were. Celia, born an heiress in her own right but with a strange capacity for hard work besides, was a power in Edgewood; she had four small children herself, and was on all the school committees; Celia was a good person, Cynthia felt, to know about the Laughlin boys.

But, as she finished her indignant recital, she was annoyed to catch a decided twinkle in Celia's eyes. Seeing it discovered, Celia burst out, "I'm terribly sorry, Cynthia dear, if Clifton was hurt. But he is a little plump and dignified for his age, don't you think? You don't want him growing up a prig. I think it would do him good to play a bit more with the other boys, even if he got bumped occasionally. After all, Jimmy Laughlin is younger than he, and a very fine, manly little chap. My boys like him, and I like his mother—she's one of the best workers on our committee."

"You know her?" said Cynthia, astonished.

"Why, of course. Everyone knows her. She's a very gay, lively little thing and her husband is delightful." Celia rose to her feet, picking up her big white bag. "I must run, Cynthia. Thanks so much for the box clippings. I'll see you at the Garden Club meetings, won't I?"

After she had gone, Cynthia sat trying to analyse the vague feeling of dissatisfaction in her mind.

Cynthia had known Celia Maddox ever since they moved to Edgewood; they had exchanged dinner parties, and Cynthia had always been very careful whom she had with Celia.

Cynthia wondered, suddenly, whether Celia had deliberately stressed those six words about Peggy Laughlin: "Why, of course; everybody knows her."

Tom Killery stopped Clifton on the street next day. "Cliff, come up to my office. I want to talk to you."

CLIFTON followed, uneasy, he did not know why. There was a peculiar curtness to Killery oddly at variance with his usual easy-going manner.

"Cliff," he said abruptly, "whom do you know in Edgewood?"

Clifton, taken aback, stammered, "Why, plenty of people, Tom. Everybody, I guess."

"Name them."

Clifton could not help feeling a certain pride in the list that came tripping from his tongue.

But, as the names came forth, Tom Killery looked, not impressed, but irritated; he leaned back listening sardonically, his mouth grim. Suddenly he cut Clifton off, thumping his big hand down angrily.

"Those aren't people, those are institutions!" said Killery. "That's the trouble with you! I thought you had something—people liked you, you liked people, you could talk. My mistake! Whom do you know here in town? Peyton Briggs, who runs the paper store? Carlo Lazzeri, who's been selling papers here for twenty-five years? Ed Horton, who runs the Edgewood "Bugler"? What I was looking for was a young fellow with spirit that liked people."

An odd look came suddenly into Tom Killery's eyes. "And," he said slowly, "maybe I know where to find him, at that."

. . . . . .

Clifton dropped in to see Jimmy Laughlin next day. "Cliff," said Jimmy, "you think old Tom Killery's going crazy?"

"Why?"

"Because he wants me to run for Town Councillor."

Clifton's long self-training stood him in good stead. He did not start, change color, or express surprise. He took a little longer than usual lighting his cigarette. Casually, he got to his feet. "I advise you to take it, Jim," he said. "Everybody would vote for you. I can't run this year because my own business takes up too much of my time; and Cynthia hasn't been well."

Jimmy accepted this little invention without questioning; he was sympathetic but relieved.

Cynthia took the news very hard; she refused to believe it. "But, Clifton, your whole future lies in politics! We've often said so!"

"Tom Killery doesn't think so."

"I hardly think," said Cynthia coldly, "that I would take Tom Killery's word as final. Clifton, you must run anyway."

"Without Killery behind me?"

Cynthia sat very still for some moments, tapping her pretty painted fingernails against the table. "I'll give a party," she said then. "If this Killery person wonders whether we know people, I'll give the biggest party in Edgewood."

But, unexpectedly, Cynthia met with disappointments. Mrs. Wentworth had not been well; her husband had taken her to Bermuda for her health. The Peabodys were on a cruise, the Billings' in mourning.

YET, of the younger group, the Maddoxes, Collins', and Shephards had already accepted another invitation for New Year's Eve. Cynthia racked her brains. "Who," she said to Clifton, "could possibly be giving a big party to which we aren't asked?"

Clifton didn't know. Cynthia, in desperation, finally got the Blairs and the Smiths. Allison Smith could come; she would be delighted to come; but, "Don't tell me," she shrilled over the telephone, "that you aren't going to the Laughlins' party, my dear! I thought everyone in town but us was asked! It seems to be a rout!"

"The Laughlins' party?" said Cynthia blankly. "How can they give a party in that little house?"

Allison sounded jubilant; she loved to impart gossip. "Oh, but haven't you heard, my dear? They've bought the old Porter place, up the road from you and Cliff."

Cynthia felt a pang; she and Cliff had always meant some day to buy the Porter place; she liked the house.

"How nice," she murmured. "We must have them over soon."

"I thought of course you knew," said Allison. "The Laughlins are such old friends of yours, aren't they? Rose Dinsmore told me about it. She says they haven't even moved in the furniture yet, but they're going to have sandwiches and tea. She says the Laughlins always run the most entertaining parties, because they jumble up all kinds of people together, and they love it!"

Cynthia did not mention the conversation to Clifton. He found her that evening laying a practice circle of place cards around the table.

"I've decided to give a little dinner instead," said Cynthia.

Her voice was light, casual and assured. Cynthia could be that though all her standards were crashing round her. Peggy Laughlin and Celia Maddox! Tom Killery and the Collins', together! Cynthia thought that Edgewood must be going mad. And Clifton was weak; distinctly, he had let her down; he would not, after all, have the brilliant future she had planned.

But disappointing as all this was, Cynthia could still keep that charmingly unruffled composure that was so much more, with her, than just a surface manner. Other people might fail her; but her conscience was clear.

The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies. And Cynthia knew that she had done everything in the world that a good wife can to help her husband's career.

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Mopsy, why must you have a new hat when you never wear one?"
"But, my dear, I must have one to go without."

"Waiter, to-day I would like something special, something I haven't had up to now."
"What about brains, sir?"

"Men who don't play golf don't know what they're missing."
"Well, you know what you're missing, and you can't hit the darned thing."

"Good gracious, what on earth made you think my husband was in gaol?"
"Well, Ma'am, you said you were giving a coming out party in the summer."

EMPLOYER: Well, Jones, how long do you want for your honeymoon?
JONES: Well—er—how long do you think, sir?
EMPLOYER: Don't ask me; I haven't seen the girl.

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I TAKE long walks for my complexion."
"That's the worst of living so far from the shops, isn't it, dear!"

THE pretty girl speeding through the traffic was stopped by a policeman.
"Look here," he snapped, "where's the fire?"
"Why are you worrying?" she countered. "You're not a fireman."

DOCTOR: Did you tell that young man I thought he was no good?
Daughter: Yes, Daddy, but he wasn't upset. He said you often make a wrong diagnosis!

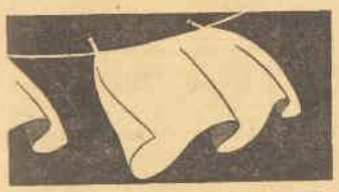
"HOW long has that fat clerk been working for you?"
"Ever since I threatened to sack him last month."

"I DAREN'T tell my wife lies. She's a medium, you know."
"Neither dare I. Mine's a heavyweight."

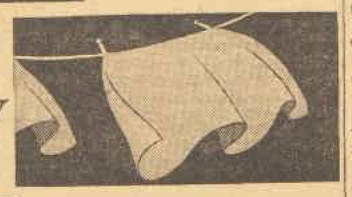
HOUSE AGENT: Any children?
Client: No.
"Any dogs, cats, musical instruments, gramophones or wireless?"
"Er, no. But I've a pair of new shoes that squeak rather badly."

"WOULD you marry a woman who talks or the other sort?"
"What other sort?"

"WHEN I came home last night the wife met me with a new £20 fox fur on her neck."
"Choker?"
"No, but I felt like it."



WHITE Clothes turn YELLOW



unless they have the last rinse in BLUE... White things that have gone greyish-yellow can only be restored to sparkling whiteness with a last rinse in Blue water on wash-days. . . . Remember! There can be no pure white without Blue.

Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

JUST as Rexona Soap is baby's best beauty treatment so too, Rexona's mild medications can make *your* skin clear, healthy, naturally lovely. Rexona alone contains Cadyl, a special protective compound of medications. Its medicated lather clears the pores of dust and impurities—leaves the skin clear, radiant.

Persistent blemishes, which do not yield quickly to Rexona Soap care, need the combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment. Used together, this amazing combination rapidly clears up all blemishes—leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA

is more than a beauty soap, it's a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED 6.221.37

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New

ODO-RO-DO CREAM

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION

Non-greasy — Stainless
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
Quick! No waiting for it to dry

Use before or after shaving, as you prefer.

1/- and 2/-

Choose Pelaco Shirts

THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT... AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Pelaco SHIRTS

WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS

PREVENTS RUST

3-in-One Oil protects all metal parts against rust and tarnish.

CLEANS AND LUBRICATES

3-IN-ONE OIL

"TRADE-MARK"

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

(Week's Best Release)

Jimmy Lydon, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (RKO.)

IN this film producers Towne and Baker, of "Swiss Family Robinson" fame, have combined the story of Thomas Arnold, who was headmaster of Rugby from 1828 to 1842, with Thomas Hughes' classic of English schoolboy life.

Film opens with Arnold's appointment to Rugby. He is determined to wipe out school bullying, rampant at that time, and to make his pupils honest, courageous citizens.

New boy Tom Brown is anxious to follow his headmaster's strict code of honor.

As Tom Brown, that excellent young performer, Jimmy Lydon, has never had a more exacting role.

Lanky Freddie Bartholomew plays Tom's friend. Billy Halop is the school's bullying leader.

It is a good, staunch film, given true English spirit by that excellent actor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and by the restrained direction of English Robert Stevenson. Its young players, notably Jimmy Lydon and Billy Halop, are fine.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ NEW MOON

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. (MGM.)

THE many fans of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy will get their money's worth from this film.

Singing of both—especially Eddy—is of a high quality. Songs, which include the old favorite, "Lover, Come Back To Me," are plentiful. Jeanette, in glorious decollete gowns of the late 18th century, has never looked lovelier.

The story, however, is not to be taken seriously. It's a typical musical operetta. Settings are ornate, varied—and unreal.

Plot deals with the romance between an aristocratic French belle (Jeanette MacDonald) and a duke (Nelson Eddy).

Film is dominated by its attractive music. Comedy is plentiful but rather forced. And there are quite a few unintentional laughs for which Eddy, who recites his lines like a well-trained but unimaginative schoolboy, is often responsible.—St. James; showing.

★ ONE MILLION, B.C.

Carole Landis, Vic Mature. (United Artists.)

PRODUCED by Hal Roach, this lavish presentation of adventure in prehistoric days belongs in the class of novelty thrillers.

Huge horn-backed monsters, a battle between cavemen and a giant iguana, a rock landslide and a volcanic eruption are in its melodrama.

The story revolves about the romance of caveman Tumak (Vic Mature), leader of the savage "Rock" tribe, and cavewoman Loana (Carole "Turnabout" Landis), member of the more civilised "Shell" tribe.

Lon Chaney, jun., in gruesome make-up, plays a tribal chieftain. The dialogue, consisting of a few incoherent grunts, becomes rather trying, and the sets are unconvincing. However, one is assured that life in 1,000,000 B.C. apparently never had a dull moment.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS

Eddie Cantor, Baby Quintanilla. (MGM.)

"FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS" returns Eddie Cantor to the screen, after several years' absence, in a straight dramatic role.

This film has none of the musical spectacle and extravagant dance ensembles that have characterised former Cantor productions.

But, true to the Cantor tradition, it positively teems with girls.

In this story Cantor shares starring honors and a good part of the action with cute year-old Baby Quintanilla, newcomer to the screen.

In spite of occasional over-sentimental passages, this is a really diverting film. Expressively popeyed Eddie Cantor has by no means forgotten how to be funny. Baby is charming. You will like Nydia Westman as an arch spinster teacher.—State; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel. Liberty, 25th week.

★★★ **Pastor Hall.** Wilfred Lawson in powerful anti-Nazi drama. Embassy, 2nd week.

★★★ **All This and Heaven Too.** Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in moving romantic drama. Transferred to Century, 6th week.

★★ **The Road to 'Frisco.** Ann Sheridan and George Raft in exciting drama, Plaza, 4th week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

SAD news last week was the death of Tom Mix, the screen's most famous cowboy, who was killed in a motor accident at Florence, Arizona.

Mix was sixty years of age. He began his film career in 1910. In recent years most of his time has been taken up by the Tom Mix Circus and Wild West Show, which he formed in 1933.

❖ ❖ ❖

REMEMBER handsome Carl Brisson, who made several pictures in Hollywood about five or six years ago? We now hear that Carl is returning to Hollywood to try to re-establish himself in pictures. He had all his earnings invested in his native Denmark, and, of course, has now lost everything.

❖ ❖ ❖

FRANK MORGAN is distributing cans of salmon among his Hollywood friends. Returning from a trip to Alaska on his yacht, the Dolphin, Frank stopped at Puget Sound for some fishing, and amazed everyone, including himself, by landing two thirty-pound king salmon.

He was puzzled as to how to keep his catch, and eventually got the idea of sending the fish to one of the numerous salmon canneries in that vicinity to be put under a special Morgan label.

❖ ❖ ❖

IT was learned last week that the late Douglas Fairbanks, sen., left an estate of £870,000.

It consists mostly of real estate in California and trust funds.

❖ ❖ ❖

HEDY LAMARR and Anatole Litvak (Miriam Hopkins' ex-husband) have been seeing each other secretly.

❖ ❖ ❖

SINCE Ann Sheridan and George Brent both work for Warner Bros., Hollywood has been inclined to regard their "romance" as one of those publicity department affairs.

However, word got around that the two had asked permission to take their holidays at the same time, so the gossips have began wondering if there might not be something to it after all.

❖ ❖ ❖

JANET GAYNOR'S new, very short hair-do is charming and chic. Since she has become Adrian's wife, she is considered one of Hollywood's smartest women.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE already sizable family of Lane sisters may soon be increased by two more girls—six-year-old twins from England. Priscilla and Rosemary have written to relatives in Buckinghamshire offering to shelter their little twin cousins, Ethel and Clarisse Harding, for the duration of the war.

If the youngsters come out to Hollywood they'll live with the three Lane girls and their mother in their San Fernando Valley home.

❖ ❖ ❖

VIVIEN LEIGH is happy and relieved to have her seven-year-old daughter, Suzanne, and also her mother safe in Canada.

❖ ❖ ❖

JOAN CRAWFORD has begun work on her new film, "A Woman's Face." It is a remake of a Swedish film about a woman whose face is terribly scarred, but who eventually regains her beauty.

❖ ❖ ❖

KAY FRANCIS has an enormously swollen lip as the result of a spider bite. The injury isn't serious, but Kay can't appear before the cameras until the swelling subsides, so RKO has rearranged the shooting schedule of "Little Men" so that she can rest for a week.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 *New 'Veet'* is a dainty white cream — sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 *New 'Veet'* avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

JOY of HEALTH FOR ALL

Are you ALIVE, or do you merely **exist?** Is your enjoyment of life crippled by Premature Old Age? Do your days and nights drag on, wrecked by an easily-exhausted body which lacks vigour and vitality?

In all such cases, over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS will give just the help you need. WINCARNIS is the wonderful "No Waiting Tonic", because the **first glass** does you good! You feel brighter, more alive, younger — immediately. Your brain, heart, nerves—the whole body benefits. The first sip of WINCARNIS sends a stream of vigour through your blood stream. WINCARNIS is not habit forming, and a long course is not necessary. Sold by all Chemists.

Cleanse false teeth by this easy method

A new method keeps false teeth stainless: put them with 'Steradent' powder into a tumbler of water, as directed on the tin. This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes by its own harmless, active energy. Leave your teeth in 'Steradent' overnight; or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/7

Steradent
REGD. TRADE MARK
cleans and sterilizes false teeth
Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney.

Romance...

is in the air. Keep your skin looking radiantly fresh and youthful with Australian Rice Face Powder. Superfine, fragrantly perfumed, clings for hours. And only 6d. From all stores.

AUSTRALIAN RICE FACE POWDER

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The Movie World

FORMAL BETROTHALS
...are the fashion

TWELVE COUPLES ARE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE OF SONJA HENIE AND HUSBAND

AN extraordinary number of the younger members of the film industry have become officially engaged within recent months.

It is fashionable these days to make use of the Press announcement and the flashing diamond.

Perhaps the recent brides, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie, and Anita Louise, who gave their public due notice of their intention to wed, have influenced Hollywood's young people in love.

But while the stars conform to the romantic conventions they still don't believe in long engagements.

Next wedding in filmdom will probably be that of William Holden and Brenda Marshall, who have fixed the date for the middle of this month.

Brenda and Bill announced their engagement at "The Sea Hawk" premiere only a couple of months ago.

Lucille Fairbanks, dark-eyed young cousin of Doug, is to marry the writer, Owen Crump.

They met early this year at a party held at the Coconut Grove. Since then they have been inseparable.

Broderick Crawford, twenty-two-year-old son of Helen Broderick, has just received the congratulations of Hollywood upon his engagement to actress Kay Griffith.

To-day Broderick is positively beaming with joy, for, in the very week in which he was accepted by the lovely Kay, he was given the plum role opposite Marlene Dietrich in a coming film, "Queen of New Orleans." Broderick played Lennie in the film version of "Of Mice and Men."

☆☆☆ By ☆☆☆
JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Gorgeous blonde Mary Beth Hughes has agreed to wed young Robert Stack, who was Deanna Durbin's boy friend in "First Love."

Besides being a very handsome young man, Bob is wealthy in his own right.

Robert Preston is the fiance of pretty, slim Kay Selters, who arrived in Hollywood this year. Robert's engagement earlier this year came as a shock to his friends, who were sure he was in love with Dorothy Lamour.

A couple of months ago shy Jeffry Lynn summoned up the courage to propose to pretty brunette Dana Dale, and was accepted.

In England, Lieutenant David Niven has just announced his engagement to Miss Primula Rollo, of London.

This is unexpected news indeed, for early this year Niven was reported to be engaged to the lovely granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

At the moment Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the Latin glamor boy of "Too Many Girls," are shopping for the ring.

Until Desi, exuding sophistication and charm, breezed into Hollywood the director Al Hall was Lucille's constant escort.

☆ LUCILLE, tall and fair, and Desi, slim, dark and broad-shouldered, are filmdom's most spectacular couple.

A sapphire ring, the gift of wealthy business man Alexis Thompson, is glistening on the third finger, left hand, of blonde Betty Grable.

Betty wore this ring when she returned from Broadway to Hollywood to play the starring role in "Down Argentine Way." It ended those rumors of a reconciliation for Betty and her ex-husband Jackie Coogan.

The minute her final divorce papers are through you can expect a second-marriage announcement from Lana Turner, former wife of the bandleader Art Shaw.

Lana and Vic Mature, the handsome dark young actor who made his film debut in "1,000,000 B.C.," are a most devoted couple.

But the most surprising couple are Cary Grant and wealthy Barbara Hutton, who have announced their intention to wed in February next year.

That is when Barbara's divorce from her second husband, Count Erich von Haugwitz Reventlow, will be made final.

• Lovely Lana Turner, M G M star, who has found a new romance. See story.

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First impression of . . .

GENE TIERNEY

• Glamor study of Gene Tierney, twenty-year-old New York society girl, who makes her screen debut in the leading role in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "The Return of Frank James."

• Product of a Connecticut academy and a Swiss finishing school, Gene is yet a typical young American modern.

NEW YORK SOCIETY GIRL WINS SUCCESS IN HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD'S surest bet for stardom in 1941 is a girl with green eyes and a man's name.

This actress, Gene Tierney, has already secured two plum roles in 1940.

Without previous film experience, Gene played the leading role opposite Henry Fonda in "The Return of Frank James."

She is now handling the only feminine role in the Paul Muni film, "Hudson's Bay."

Gene was named after her uncle, Gene (American abbreviation for Eugene). She believes it has brought her luck.

In fact the only thing that ruffles her calm is to see her first name spelt incorrectly.

You have not yet seen Gene on the screen, but I think you will like her.

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

She is a dynamic young person, with plenty of personality. She is unusually attractive, but not conventionally beautiful.

To match those emerald eyes she has masses of reddish-brown hair, a warm complexion, and all the fire and driving force that so often go with this coloring.

Daughter of a wealthy broker in New York, Gene has been a prominent member of society in that city ever since she returned from finishing school at Lausanne, in Switzerland.

But she is a typical young American modern. In Hollywood, where she now lives with her mother, she spends a good deal of her time horseback riding and playing tennis. She excels at both sports.

In the evenings she goes dancing or to the pictures. But she isn't interested in romance.

In fact, the only man in her life is her brother "Butch," who is her very good friend. "Butch," whose real name is Howard, is twenty-two years old, and is at present doing postgraduate work at Yale University.

Gene won her brand-new seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox (producers of "The Return of Frank James" and "Hudson's Bay") for her work in a Broadway play.

But this is actually her second visit to Hollywood. Six months ago two studios let this talented young actress slip through their fingers.

Until a year ago Gene had never given a thought to an acting career. Then she went to Hollywood for a holiday.

There a Warners' talent scout, attracted by her personality and looks, persuaded her to make a screen test. She did so, but while Warners were deliberating Columbia stepped in and signed her to a contract.

And as so often happens in Hollywood Gene posed for stills, took innumerable screen tests, but failed to make a picture. Gene grew tired of waiting sooner than most people. After six months, she packed up and went home.

But, however unsatisfactory her experience in Hollywood, it had awakened her ambition to become an actress.

She talked herself into a part in a Broadway show.

This play flopped, but Gene was noticed and given a big part in the Elliot Nugent comedy, "The Male Animal."

Twentieth Century-Fox saw her in this play and brought her to Hollywood, where she was immediately cast in "The Return of Frank James."

Australian girl makes good

AUSTRALIAN Joy Howarth has the biggest role of her career in the Rosalind Russell-Melvyn Douglas film, "This Thing Called Love, which has just gone into production.

Joy plays second lead.

A short while ago Joy played a small part in "Angels Over Broadway" (formerly "Before I Die"), which Ben Hecht was producing for Columbia.

Harry Cohn, president of the studio, saw the film and, impressed by Joy's work, gave her this part, with an option for a contract if the picture is a hit.

Tek 1/9

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Love at First Flight

. . . and a salvo of hurrahs for Spectator Sportswear!

These wrinkle defying marvels will help you to zoom gaily into Summer. They have the surprise details and careful workmanship you see in expensive dresses. You'll rave over the smart designs . . . enchanting colours and marvellous styles!

1 floraloc

HAPPY LANDING—
and never a crease or crinkle after a thousand miles. The sky-clear colours are guaranteed fadeless and washable!
from **49/11**

2 EVERLOC

COLONEL'S LADY—
or Judy O'Grady . . . everyone adores these frocks. The dashing designs simply dote on the wash-tub, and besides being fadeless, they are ab-so-lutely crease-resistant!
from **39/11**

3 SHARKTEX

ALL CORRECT, SIR—
in a frock cool as a whisper from the sea. Trimly tailored styles in the grandest new pastels and (of course) White.
from **29/11**

Floraloc, Everloc, and Sharktex-JUNIOR
Delightful styles for all ages at very reasonable prices and with the SAME GUARANTEE.

Red Cross needs money — give all you can!

Spectator sportswear
CREATED BY LUCAS

There's a store close by that stocks Spectator Sportswear — we'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. Write, too, for a brochure with cuttings of fabrics and illustrating seven of the smartest styles.

Here's How to Find Them

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1983

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1 **ON WAY TO WORK** New York librarian Jean (Ginger Rogers) is greeted by stranger, artist David (Colman), who wishes her good luck.

2 **THEN WHEN** immediately afterwards she is given an expensive dress by customer Lucille Gleason. Jean is sure David is lucky for her.

3 **EXPLAINING** that she wants money for home for herself and fiance Freddie (Jack Carson), Jean asks David to share a sweepstakes ticket.

4 **DAVID'S SUGGESTION** that, if they win, he should take her on a platonic pre-honeymoon trip is finally agreed to by Jean.

5 **WHEN THEIR** ticket wins, David and Jean, in spite of objections from unlikeable Freddie, set out gaily for Niagara Falls.

6 **SUSPECTING** the worst of David, the enraged Freddie follows, and tells Jean she must leave with him now or end their engagement.

HE THOUGHT:

"YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

Take no chances with "Pink" on your Tooth Brush — help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, "Why, she's the loveliest — the most exciting thing I've ever seen in my life! I *must* meet her at once!"

And when he did his eyes held hers and whispered, "You're loveliness itself!" But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in that instant his eagerness faded.

POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone, but it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don't YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH." When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist and see him promptly*. It may not mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that to-day's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And often, your dentist's advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums — "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage."

IPANA, WITH GUM MASSAGE, is designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little Ipana on to your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful *tang*—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means gum circulation is improving—helping to make gums healthier.

Get an economical tube of Ipana to-day. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

* * *

Regular Size 1/-, Super Size 2/-.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Comedy for Colman

HE IS CO-STARRED WITH GINGER IN "LUCKY PARTNERS"

"LUCKY PARTNERS" is Ronald Colman's first comedy in four years.

He last appeared in light-hearted farce in 1936 when he played the title role in "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

"Lucky Partners" is based on "Bonne Chance," the stage play by witty French Sacha Guitry.

For the first time since he has achieved success in Hollywood, Colman has relinquished solo starring billing.

He shares honors in "Lucky Partners" with blonde Ginger Rogers.

This innovation, incidentally, proved unexpectedly costly to RKO.

Five writers had to be called in to rewrite the original script so that Ginger and Colman should have an equal share of the dialogue and the scenes.

Wife's suggestion

MANY people believe that Colman's venture into comedy was made at the request of his pretty wife, Benita Hume.

Since their marriage at the beginning of last year, Colman has come right out of his shell.

This popular actor has always been a naturally reserved, even shy, man. Before his marriage he had little to do with Hollywood society. But to-day he and Benita do a good deal of entertaining in a quiet way.

Their best friends are Charles Boyer and his English wife, Pat Paterson, who frequently make up a foursome to attend a concert or theatre.

Colman, who is forty-nine years old, served right through the last war. He and Benita are among the movie colony's most enthusiastic war workers.

Of late, too, Colman is taking a much more active interest in his screen career. He has signed contracts to make no fewer than seven films in the near future!

His first will be a remake of Molnar's "The Swan," in which he will be teamed with Joan Fontaine.

Then he will play the role of Don Quixote when Frank Capra is ready to direct this film.

He has also committed himself to five pictures for United Producers.

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GARDENERS ALL

• Five acres of gardens surround Melvyn Douglas' home in Hollywood's Outpost district. Melvyn and his wife (left) study war maps on their terrace. Their gardener and their setter (above) join their planting conferences.

Boris Karloff grows orchids but Myrna Loy prefers herbs

From JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD may be a place where the inhabitants wear orchids every night—but they grow them as well.

They also plant roses, sort herbs, plan water-gardens, and argue over pruning—for the film colony has as many gardeners as cameras to the square mile.

The large amount of outdoors entertaining done by the film colony may have something to do with this passion.

Barbecues, swimming - pool luncheons, tennis parties and dances on the terrace occupy a large number of stars, from Joan Crawford to Cary Grant to Ginger Rogers, every week-end.

Then, too, the British colony, which includes gardener Basil Rathbone and hothouse-manager Boris Karloff, has influenced players into taking a personal interest in their gardens.

To-day only a few stars go to the spectacular expense of having their grounds arranged by a professional landscape artist. They prefer to do their planting—and their boasting—themselves.

Melvyn Douglas and his wife Helen Gahagan garden whenever they have the opportunity. In spite of her exotic appearance, Hedy Lamarr spends half her spare time studying seed catalogues and the other half working among her flower-beds. Like Luise Rainer, Hedy has another reason for this energy—she finds the squatting and stretching fine exercise for the figure.

Otto Kruger goes in for raising prize plants. He enters every flower-show on the Coast, and has made a large circle of non-film friends this way.

Otto, in fact, tells one of the neatest gardening stories of the month. He caught a young boy snipping pieces of some of his prize plants. When Otto demanded an explanation, the lad confessed that he had been stealing slips for weeks, planting them in little pots, and selling them from door to door.

Now the youthful ex-thief has his own plot in the Kruger garden, where he raises plants for sale under Otto's supervision.

But when it comes to talking about flowers, it is the orchid-growers who take first place. Boris Karloff, Mary Boland and Mrs. Fred MacMurray go into an orchid-huddle whenever they can be prised loose from their glass-houses to attend a party. The competition regarding rare orchids among this trio is terrific.

Right at the other end of the scale comes Myrna Loy, whose elaborate herb garden is the pride of her life. Myrna's interest began with cookery—she is one of the best cooks of American and foreign dishes in Hollywood. To eat one of Myrna's dinners, flavored with her own herbs, is a pleasure to be long remembered.

Ronald Colman goes in for roses. Kay Francis loves the old-fashioned flowers, such as will grow in Australia. Marsha Hunt dotes on coaxing California's desert shrubs into bloom. And that villain of the screen, Humphrey Bogart, spends so much hard labor on his garden that his gardener grumbles at being idle.

Color Harmony for Eleanor Powell and YOU

ELEANOR POWELL, MGM's sensational dancing Star, knows her correct Color Harmony in Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. For over a quarter of a century the official make-up used in the major Motion Picture Studios and by the Stars in their private lives has been MAX FACTOR ★ HOLLYWOOD COSMETICS. Now, Max Factor offers to discriminating women throughout the world a unique service.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor ★ Hollywood your personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart listing the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for your individual type.

Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor Normalizing Cleansing Cream (THE PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM) "agrees" with your skin, whether it is dry, oily or normal.

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Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor pocket-size Range Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. FREE

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY OR TOWN
STATE
WW13

Complexion: Very Light, Fair, Creamy, Medium, Ruddy, Sallow, Freckled, Olive

EYES: Blue, Grey, Green, Hazel, Brown, Black

LASHES: Light, Dark

HAIR: BLONDE Light Dark; BROWNETTE Light Dark; BRUNETTE Light Dark; REDHEAD Light Dark

If hair is Grey, check type above and here

SKIN: Dry, Oily, Normal

LIPS: Moist, Dry

AGE

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Olive Oil IS THE SECRET OF ALL-OVER LOVELINESS

Every bath is an all-over beauty treatment when you use Palmolive. For Palmolive contains a special blend of *olive oil*, which is recognised the world over as a skin beautifier. Every day you bath with Palmolive your skin grows smoother and more satiny *all over*. The lovely mild Palmolive lather cleanses the pores and acts as an *olive oil* massage that coaxes back the skin's youthful bloom.

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Wednesday night at 8.30 on:

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion ALL OVER!

LEND TO DEFEND WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

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PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

SUMMER SELECTIONS . . . *from famous designers*

• SCHIAPARELLI interprets the pencil-slim, long torso trend in vivid green silk crepe printed with red flowers and spots. A ruffle is set low over the hips and cut-out flowers encircle the neck. With it a superb, matching turban.

• GLENNING designs a youthful suit in grey tie-silk spotted in candy-pink, with a long jacket flaring quaintly at the back. With it a grey sailor spiced with a matching silk bow.

• BALENCIAGA adores the spring freshness of blossom prints—witness this simple frock with yellow, brown, and green flowers blooming on a ground of chalk-white crepe. To this he adds a dramatic yellow turban and gloves.

• JACQMAR takes inspiration from Velasquez for a jacket frock with sleek-fitting bodice and a full skirt flowing from the hipline. White seagulls wing their way across brilliant blue silk crepe, and white accents enhance the air of cool chic.

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The SIREN TOUCH . . .

Seen in New York and sketched by PETROV

• (1) A dramatic Indian turban of white crepe to match the simple frock. For a splash of color there is a jewel set in ruby and emerald colored stones and pearls, comprising a clip for the turban, necklace, and bracelet.

• (2) An amusing clip in heavy antique silver, representing the crystal-gazer from "The Thief of Bagdad." The crystal ball is a sphere, not flat.

• (3) Light and dark, or bright and black, that play of contrasts is an important feature of this season's millinery. This high-flung halo beret is of black velvet with white velvet lining.

• (4) An exotic, turned-back halo, designed to offset the popular pompadour coiffure. Made in summer-weight felt in coffee-brown and pastel-blue.

• (5) The familiar artist's beret makes a welcome reappearance to fashion circles. It is worn right over one ear to set off the pompadour roll.

• (6) America's sensational evening trend — the jumper dinner dress, sleekly tailored in heavy black crepe with armholes and hipline accentuated with glistening paillettes. With it a simple pink shirt-blouse.

INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6.

HANG IT! STOCKINGS TO BUY OUT OF EVERY PAY!

LUX preserves elasticity— saves ladders

Perspiration acids left in stockings overnight weaken threads, destroy elasticity. Lux restores it—so threads can take sudden strain instead of snapping. Save ladders—Lux your stockings when you take them off.

IMPORTANT
Don't rub or use soaps that destroy elasticity — squeeze stockings gently through rich Lux lather.

Contains No Soda

A LEVER PRODUCT

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ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS!

Scarlet Pimpernel

NEW, DASHING, ELUSIVE

LIPSTICK SHADE

To wear on every occasion for Spring . . 3/9

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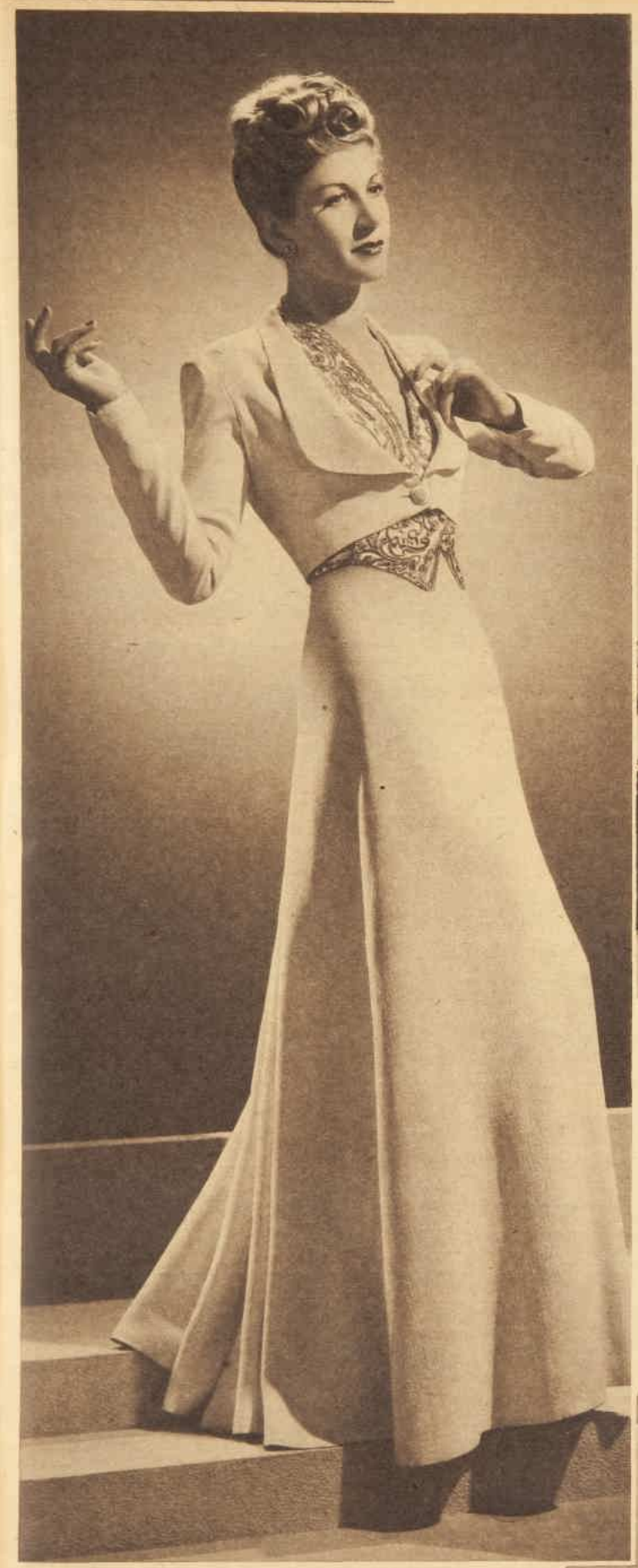
RESTRAINED ELEGANCE



• Greek goddess frock of heavy, dull-surfaced silk crepe, its bodice dramatised with elaborate gold-and-red embroidery. The matching mess-jacket, brief and strictly tailored, makes it perfect for hot summer nights. (Above.)

• Black chantilly lace, light and airy as a cloud, with flowing tunic-skirt cleverly moulded into a stem waist. Shoulder-straps and front of the bodice are encrusted with pearls. (Centre.)

• Worth moulds shimmering amethyst satin with breath-taking beauty and classic simplicity. The bodice features the long torso line, and the skirt fullness is gathered to the back. (Right.)

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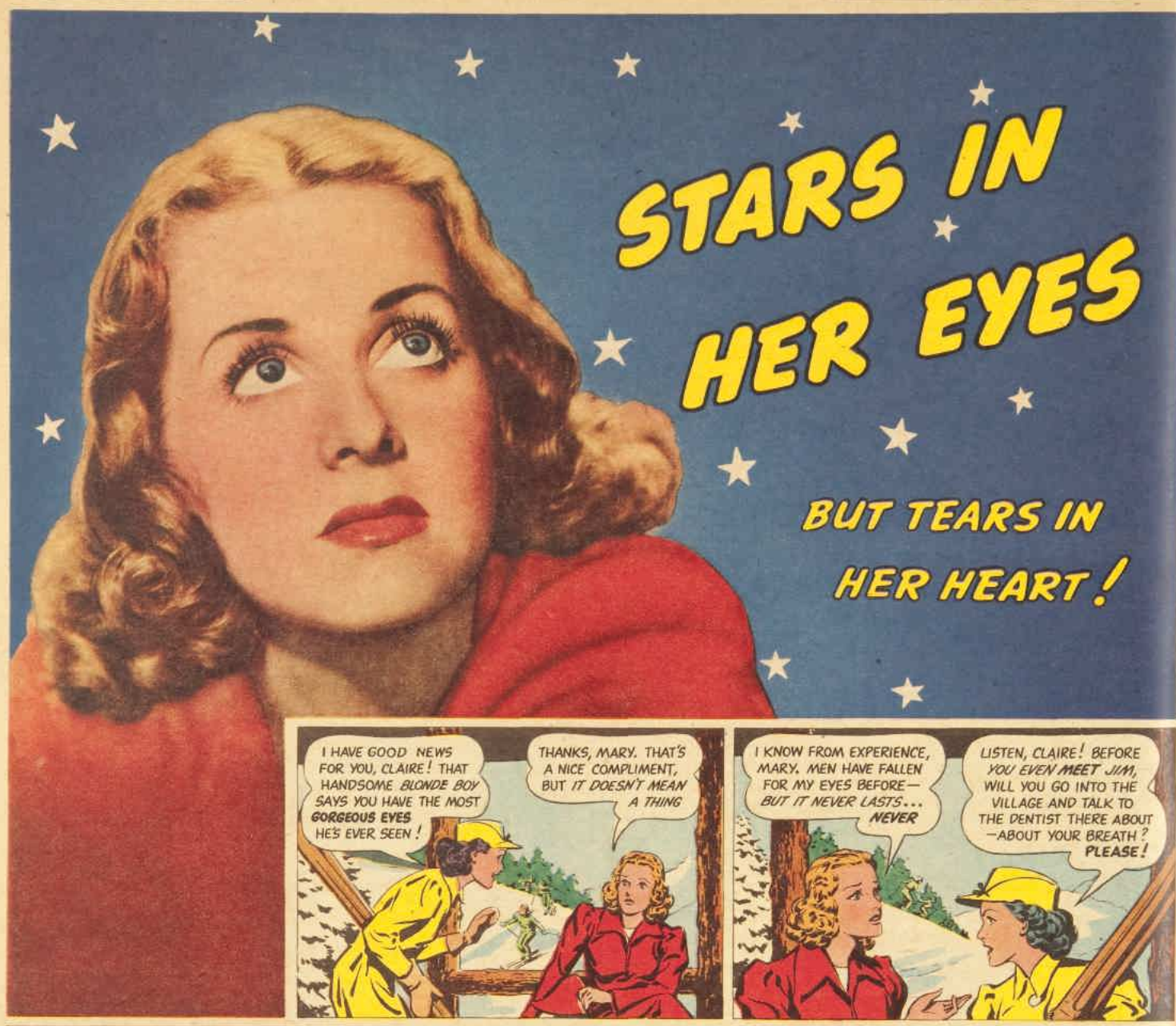

STARS IN HER EYES

BUT TEARS IN HER HEART!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH .... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And, at the same time, Colgate's gentle polishing agent safely cleans the enamel—makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY, WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!

6D. MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1/3 SIZE
GIANT 2/- SIZE
twice as much as 1/3 SIZE

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Wednesday night at 8.30 on 2GB, 3CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2WL, 2LM, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3SR, 3TR, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7OT, 7LA, 7DY, 4BH, 4RO, 4GR, 4AY (8.45 p.m.).

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Some simple FACE PACKS

● Tonics for tired skins which you can prepare and use at home. They will work wonders in clearing, toning and generally improving your complexion, especially if it's showing the after-effects of winter—heated rooms and cold, drying winds.

By JANETTE

AS WELL as face packs and other beauty aids, remember that fresh air and sunshine are also complexion beautifiers. Fay Wray, Columbia star, takes both daily for the sake of her skin—fresh air in large doses and sunshine in carefully regulated amounts to avoid burning her skin.

COMPLEXIONS seem to need some sort of pepping up treatment at this time of the year when winter is giving way to summer.

For this purpose face packs are excellent, especially if you use them regularly.

You mightn't know, but face packs are one of the oldest forms of beauty treatment.

During the course of years there has been practically no oil, mud or clay that has not gone into them until now, as the result of this long trial and error method, certain types have proved their efficacy for various skin conditions.

You can use face packs to give a lift to tired muscles, to smooth out lines, and to leave the skin young, clear and soft.

Indeed, it is a good idea to use a face pack once a week, and especially before a special occasion when you want your skin to look radiant.

REMEMBER, before you use any face pack, first cleanse the face thoroughly with cleansing cream, then massage with a good skin food and finally wipe over with a suitable lotion—an astringent for the oily skin and a skin tonic for the dry.

When you apply the pack, lie down and allow to dry thoroughly or remain on for required length of time in case of an oily pack, before removing with warm water.

FOR DRY, WRINKLED SKINS

Gelatine Pack: Dissolve one teaspoonful of gelatine in half a cup of hot water. Allow to cool, then stir in two drops of oil of bitter almonds and one teaspoonful of witch-hazel. Allow to dry on skin.

Oil Pack: Mix almond meal into a paste with almond or olive oil, spread on face, and wipe off after about ten minutes.

FOR SALLOW, OILY SKINS

Mud Pack: Mix ordinary fuller's earth with three teaspoonfuls of witch-hazel and one teaspoonful of camphor water. Apply with a brush or smear on with fingers, then lie down and allow to dry thoroughly.

Magnesia Pack: Mix one tablespoon of milk of magnesia to a paste in a saucer with one teaspoon of lemon juice. Apply thickly and evenly and leave on for about 20 minutes.

Boracic Acid Pack: Good for pimples and blackheads. Mix to a paste with boiling water an ounce of boracic acid and three teaspoons of cold cream. Open the pores of the face first by steaming or washing in hot water, then dab on the paste. If possible, allow a thin layer of this paste to remain on overnight.

FOR ALL TYPES OF SKINS

Egg Pack: Separate white from yolk and beat white till it is fluffy. Add a few drops of lemon juice, then apply to the face. Leave on for 20 minutes.

Meal Pack: Mix to a paste with some milk equal parts of oatmeal and almond meal and add few drops lemon juice. Allow to dry on face.

Honey Pack: Steam face for a minute and then smooth on ordinary honey. Pat all over for about 15 minutes and wash off with warm water. This is good for wrinkles and flabbiness if done frequently.

UNSURPASSED

For the Care of the Hands ● As a Powder Base ● For use in the Nursery ● For soothing and refreshing the Skin ● For men before and after Shaving.

1/-

Economy Size Double Quantity. 1/9

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

1. I'm as unlucky as *ten* black cats! Here I'm supposed to go sailing in Jim's new boat, and it turns out to be one of my "difficult days"! "Golly—" I wailed to Jean, "I'm so chafed I can't possibly go!" "Slowpoke!" Jean just laughed. "Don't you know about Miracle Modess with 'Safety Zoning'?"

2. "Look!" she said, pulling a box out of her bureau. "I'll cut a Modess pad and show you why it's *softer!* See? It has a *fluff* filler—very different from layer-type fillers! And Modess *stays* softer because 'Safety Zoning' acts for your safety and comfort, keeping comfortable longer than ever before!"

3. Say, I was tickled to pieces! I went sailing with never a moment's discomfort. No worrying about accidents, either, because Jean told me Modess has a resistant backing to guard against striking through. You can bet I'm thankful for Miracle Modess! And the best part is, it costs no more!

Try it now!

ask for Modess SANITARY NAPKINS 1/2 BOX OF 12 Buy Now

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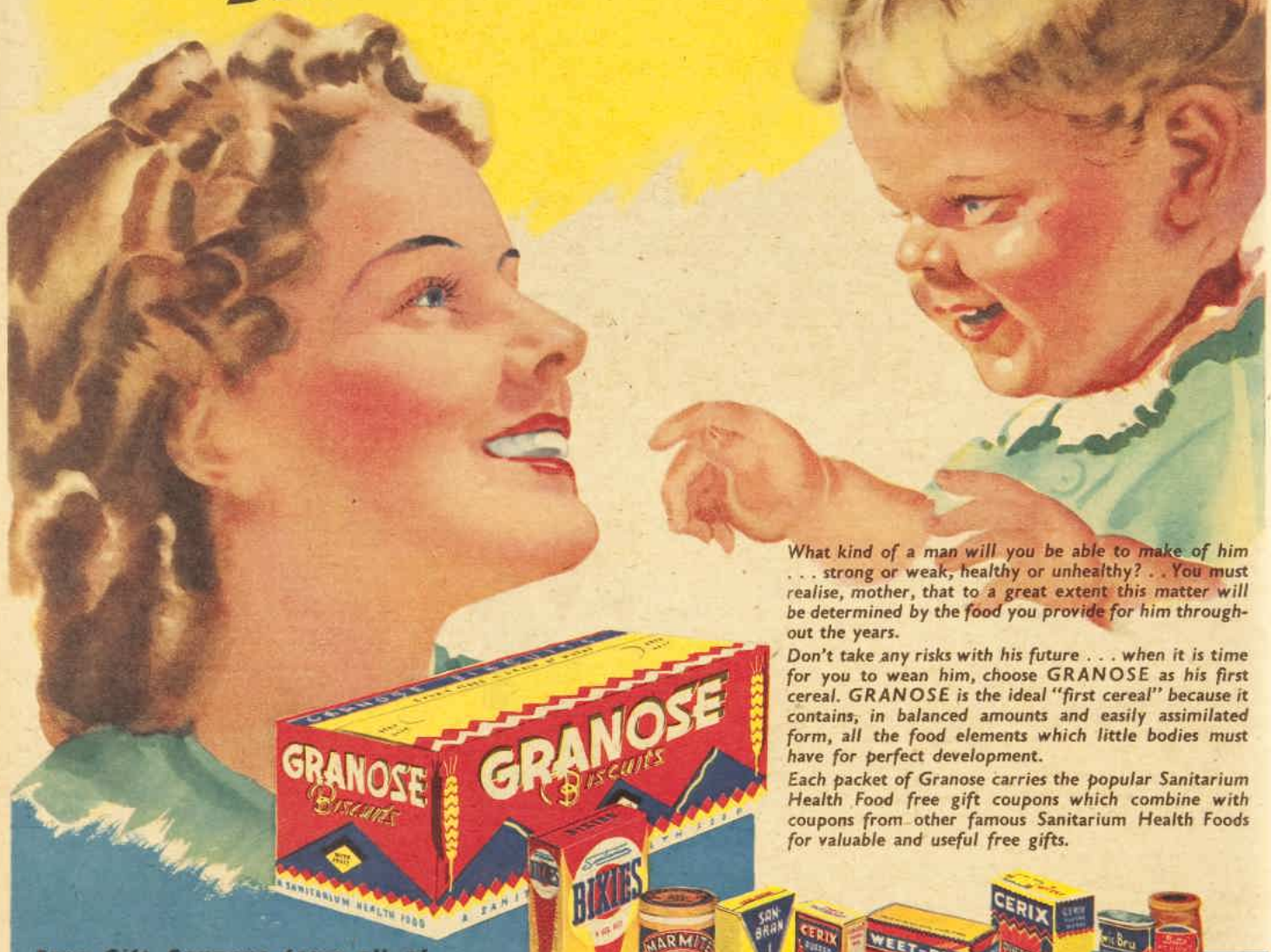
Your Child's Future DEPENDS ON YOU



What kind of a man will you be able to make of him . . . strong or weak, healthy or unhealthy? . . You must realise, mother, that to a great extent this matter will be determined by the food you provide for him throughout the years.

Don't take any risks with his future . . . when it is time for you to wean him, choose GRANOSE as his first cereal. GRANOSE is the ideal "first cereal" because it contains, in balanced amounts and easily assimilated form, all the food elements which little bodies must have for perfect development.

Each packet of Granose carries the popular Sanitarium Health Food free gift coupons which combine with coupons from other famous Sanitarium Health Foods for valuable and useful free gifts.

Free Gift Coupons from all of these Sanitarium Health Foods combine for any free gifts

DESSERT KNIFE 90 Points,
DESSERT FORK 34 "
TEASPOON 14 "
All High Grade Quality. Postage, 3d. each.

CHINA CUP AND SAUCER with Mottled gold pattern, for 22 points. Packing and postage 4d.

AGES PYREX OVAL CASSEROLE DISH Guaranteed 12 months, 1½ pint, for 184 points . . . Packing and postage 1/6

MEN'S "DAWN" BRAND HANDKERCHIEF Size 18 x 18. Each 22 points, Postage 2d. Set of 6, 127 points . . . Postage, 3d.

GARICORD ARROW: 3 different patterns, delightful colours and designs.
Index No. 74 — 56 points
" " 75 — 62 points
" " 76 — 74 points
3d. Postage

"HOUSEWIFE" PILLOW CASE No tapes or bottom, 3 year guarantee quality, size 20 x 30 . . . 24 points. Postage etc., 3d.

* GRANOSE WATER, for Babies over Six Months
Boil a Granose Biscuit in a pint of water; add a pinch of salt. Strain through a fine strainer, cover, and set in a cool place. Use this liquid, instead of boiled water, in diluting baby's milk to the required consistency. It contains valuable mineral salts and other elements essential for nourishment and growth.

* GRANOSE GRUEL, for Babies at Weaning Time
Boil a Granose Biscuit for a few minutes in half a pint of milk and water (equal quantities). Add a pinch of salt, sweeten to taste.

* GRANOSE GRUEL, for Older Babies
Bring three-quarters of a pint of milk to the boil and thicken with crushed Granose. Boil for a few moments, and add a pinch of salt. Sweeten to taste.

* GRANOSE, for Growing Children
Have children have Granose with hot or cold milk, or with stewed fruits—or toasted and spread with butter, honey, cream or jam. Give them crisp, crunchy Granose instead of soft bread. It is good for their teeth and builds up their strength and vitality.

WHAT TO DO! All gifts are available at the following addresses —
SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay Street.
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cor. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons in separate package (with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.
This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT—
Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

1-28.3

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Fashion PATTERNS

F2039. — Youthful pocketed style with swinging pleated skirt and crisp white accents. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4¼ yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅞yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F2040. — Checked frock with primly tailored bodice and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

Special Concession Pattern

Gay and fashion-right frocks for young things 8 to 14 years.

No. 1. — Requires 2¾ to 3yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅞yd. contrast.

No. 2. — Requires 1¾ to 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3. — Requires 2¾ to 3yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅞yd. contrast.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 469F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 26/10/40

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F2037.—Cool and smartly tailored blouse for the business girl. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F2038.—Simple floral style with chic panel effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4⅞yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅞yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F2041.—Glamorous evening frock with draped top and full skirt gathered into a broad waistband. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5 to 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F2042.—Cool print style with shirtwaist top and dirndl skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2043.—Gay, button-down-the-front frock with trim matching shorts. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. for frock and 1¼yds. for shorts, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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"Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.***

LLOYD LAMBLE, appearing in Lux Theatre play, "The Ringer," on November 3.

Getting a laugh out of limericks

New Jack Davey radio session will set listeners rhyming

However serious the times may be, we can all still enjoy a good joke or laugh at a neatly-turned limerick.

That is a typically British characteristic—as British in fact as the limerick itself, that peculiarly humorous five-line verse.

A Frenchman once wrote a learned study on the limerick and its relation to British character.

TO stimulate interest in limericks, Station 2GB is introducing two new comedy sessions, one of which will hinge on limericks, while the other will be devoted to jokes.

Both sessions will be conducted by Jack Davey.

The limerick session is one of those popular jackpot sessions which have long entertained 2GB listeners.

Entitled "Rhyming Jackpots," it is now broadcast every Wednesday night at 9.45 in succession to "House Party Jackpots."

Listeners are asked to send in original limericks. The best of these—six in all—are selected by Jack Davey for use in the broadcast.

Six competitors face the microphone, and each one in his turn is given the first line of one of the six selected limericks.

He must then compose a second line, which must, of course, rhyme with the first.

Jack Davey then supplies the next two short rhyming lines, and the contestant has to finish off the limerick.

Cash for winners

IF he succeeds he is awarded a broadcasting fee of five shillings. If he fails the fee jackpots to the following week. After the limerick has been completed, Jack Davey then reads the original limerick submitted so that listeners can compare the two.

Surprisingly enough the extempore limerick is often just as amusing, if not more so, than the carefully-thought-out limerick submitted by the listener, who, incidentally, receives a fee for the limerick used.

The following is one of the limericks submitted for the contest:

Said Hitler to Goering: Say, Herman,
Do you think Winston Churchill speaks German?
No, mein Fuehrer, I don't,
He could learn, but he won't;
He thinks "Adolf" is German for vermin.

The good-natured laughter with which the Davey Jackpot sessions are received, by competitors in the studio as well as audiences, will add to the cheerfulness of the most modern series of audience-performer contests.

The first session is entitled "Saturday Stakes," and it will be broadcast every Saturday night at 7.45.

Listeners are invited to write down their favorite jokes, and to send them in to Jack Davey accompanied by an entry fee of sixpence.

From these jokes a committee will select each week what they consider the 50 best, which will then be submitted to Jack Davey, who will select the required number for the session.

These jokes will then be dramatised and a jury of nurses will be in the studio each Saturday night to decide the winner.

A minimum prize of £25 will be offered for the first broadcast, which will take place this Saturday night.

Thereafter the prize-money will be decided according to the number of sixpences sent in by listeners.

All the entrance money received will be divided equally between the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Public Appeal and the winning competitors.

Each evening, in addition to the big prize for the best joke dramatised, there will be a fee of ten shillings paid for any joke selected.

All jokes must be addressed to "The Jack Davey Saturday Stakes" and sent to G.P.O. Box 4171X.

The two new features will be widely welcomed, not only for their humor but because they provide competitions in which competitors can help a hospital appeal.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, October 23.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. The Mills Brothers.

THURSDAY, October 24.—June Marsden — Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, October 25.—Patricia Morison. Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, October 26.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, October 27.—June Marsden. Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for Business Folk. Special Series: Reviewing Amazing Prophecies.

MONDAY, October 28.—Patricia Morison. Stories Behind the Ballets . . . A final resume.

TUESDAY, October 29.—Sun Spots.

YOUR BABY'S HEALTH
Soon undermined by lack of
Vitamins B1, B2, P.P. (THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

BUT—BY ADDING VEGEMITE, THE YEAST EXTRACT, YOU CAN BE SURE OF A REGULAR CONCENTRATED SUPPLY EVERY DAY

B1

PEEVISH, Nervous children lack Vitamin B1.

Active bowels and healthy intestinal tract and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. Make sure that your child gets plenty of Vegemite with its Vitamin B1 content. Often fallen stomach, weakened intestines and many obscure nerve disorders come from an undersupply of Vitamin B1.

P.P.

UGLY PIMPLES! Not enough Vitamin P.P.

Those ugly pimples usually mean that the system is not getting enough of the Vitamin P.P., which doctors call the anti-pellagric factor. Keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite gives your system a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing Vitamin P.P.

NUTRITION experts say that ordinary meals often fail to give enough of these vital vitamins B1, B2, P.P., the anti-pellagric factor. Add Vegemite to your daily menu and you can be sure of giving an *extra* supply of these vital vitamins. Vegemite is a delicious, highly concentrated extract of yeast. Doctors and scientists say the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy than anything else in Nature. Yeast is the richest known source of the combined vitamins B1, B2 and P.P., and Vegemite is a *concentrated extract of yeast.* Vegemite contains INTACT all the food elements of the yeast plant *in their highest degree of concentration.*

Just a little Vegemite does an amazing amount of good

Not only your children, but everyone in your family will really love the exciting flavour of Vegemite. It's delicious spread on bread or biscuits, on toast for breakfast or supper, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, and to give a rich flavour to gravies, soups and stews. A third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite dissolved in milk makes the most delicious and nutritious drink.

HOW MUCH VEGEMITE DO YOU NEED EVERY DAY?

NOTE: The dosages shown here are based on the results of clinical tests—and are the same as those prescribed by doctors.

NORMAL ADULTS:	One teaspoonful daily for good health and digestion.
CHILDREN:	One teaspoonful daily for children 10 years and over.
INFANTS:	Half teaspoonful daily—from 4 months up to age of 10 years.

HOW TO TAKE OR ADMINISTER VEGEMITE.

Prescribed doses may be spread over the whole day. Give Vegemite on bread, toast, biscuits; in sandwiches, soups and stews or glass of milk as prescribed.

B2

STUNTED GROWTH — lack of Vitamin B2.

Fretful, undernourished children are often deficient in Vitamin B2 — the growth vitamin. Give your children plenty of Vegemite with its Vitamin B2 to ensure proper all round development of body tissues and to build up good health.

Children need **VEGEMITE** *every day—They love it!*

MRS YATES (OF SYDNEY) SAYS

Taking 2 teaspoonsful of

BONKORA

3 times daily, made me

Lose 2 Stone 2 lbs in a short time

At all Chemists

"Before taking BonKora in this way I could hardly get upstairs. I seemed to lose my strength. Now I can go about without any trouble."

A copy of Mrs. Yates' testimonial, including her full Sydney address, will be mailed on request.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

WORLD AGENCIES,
Pacific House, 249 George Street, SYDNEY.

I enclose 3d. in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora treatment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

WW. 26/10/'40

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• DEBUTANTE. Diana Walker, Race Week "deb.", finds it great fun at Romano's.

• ON THE BEACH. Mrs. Harry Hodson and her two sons, Anthony and Jeremy, are among the first to patronise Lady Martin's Beach this summer.

• WAITING FOR CLIPPER. Shirley McGregor has a drink with Albert Dwyer while he waits at Prince's till 3 a.m. for the trans-Tasman plane.

• TINY FLOWER VENDOR. Small Mary Moore smiles up at Miss H. Banks outside Prince's, where they made £14 for the Red Cross selling flowers which arrived down from Yass that morning.

Our heatwave . . .

I'M sorry, girls, but the best-looking garments in town just don't belong to the fair sex. I cast a clothes-conscious eye on Lieut. Dickie Austin's British Warm, and decided that it was sartorially my cup of tea. Although it can't shine to advantage in the Australian Warm *(weather, Sydneysiders for the use of)* that we are experiencing at the moment, its camelhair perfection is still the talk of the town.

Hatless in this heat was Barbara Weekes (Mrs. "Swede" Parker) while lunching at Romano's with Joan Marks. Incidentally, since his "Songs at the Piano" turn at the Air Force Ball, Sydney has been simply squealing to hear "Swede" sing again.

Homesick for sleet . . .

BETTY INCE, of Melbourne, didn't like the variety of heat we turned on for her visit here.

"We don't get weather like this in Melbourne," she wailed wanly.

"Neither do we in Sydney," I hastened to say. "At least not at this time of the year." But somehow I caught a glimpse of a nostalgic-for-that-rain-and-sleet smile on her face.

Betty, by the way, has the slimmest of slim figures, and wears the most lovely royal-blue lame dinner gown that makes her look like a sliver of midnight.

She was dancing with Eric Abrahams.

Winter tan . . .

PHYLLIS GOODWIN gave a handkerchief tea for Constance Rouse. Con, of course, marries Johnny Boville on the 30th. "Goodie" started in on the sunbaking a bit too violently, and spent a week-end abed nursing a prize crop of blisters.

But Pammie Darling just smiles and smiles at all sunburnt woes. Pam has been doing a gradual tan in the garden at home, and now proudly presents a pair of elegant brown shoulders to the world.

Plane drinks . . .

"COCKTAILS at 8000 feet" was Vernon Baines' invitation to Tim and Betty Osborne. Vernon, who is A.D.C. to Queensland's Governor, Sir Leslie Wilson, flew back to Brisbane last week on the same plane as the two Osbornes. Should christen the beverage Stratosphere Manhattans.

Betty, by the way, always one of our favorite dressers, showed us a style or two. Specially I went for the demure little frothy blouse that she wore with her prim Victorian gingham skirt for dancing at Prince's.

Blouses and long full skirts are going to rage this summer judging by the number of lovelies who have already taken their new cotton numbers out of their wrappings. Peasant, prim, and pareo are the three types.

Glamor plus . . .

AIRMAN BARTON HONEY has been taking in the town with his very new wife. And she is glamorous, too. When you see a pair of shining fair heads, shining white teeth, and two pairs of shining blue eyes, well, that's who they are. The best-looking couple in town.

Detroit calling . . .

PAT CULPAN, out in her summer tan already, lucky girl, tells me the family had a ring from sister Betty, now Mrs. Jamieson Williams, of Detroit. Bet was well, she told me, and added with a grin that she hardly recognised the voice, as Bet has a strong American accent now!

Clever fingers . . .

OF course, everyone has always known that Mrs. Niels Storaker had the cleverest fingers. But you didn't know that her donations of tapestries to charities had raised no less than £1250. Just think! If that's not a fair contribution from one pair of hands I shall eat my new summer hat, field flowers and all.

If you see Mollie Cox sporting innumerable floral bathing suits this summer you will know it is because this clever lass makes them herself. Runs them up in a minute and dashes out in the neatest, sweetest bra and shorts you ever did see.

Alikeables . . .

WHAT excitement there is over Noel Coward paying us a visit! But I bet you that Jerry Bannister will be driven nearly mad by people with an "Autograph, please" plea in their voices. Jerry is tired by now of having the resemblance pointed out to him, but as yet it hasn't burst on the Sydney public. But wait till N. Coward hits these shores, and Jerry will have to take to a false beard!

Two very excited people should be Mr. and Mrs. John Bruxner at the thought of dear Noel's visit. Because, as you remember, when Audrey and John were in Bali some years ago, they met Noel and he was a perfect lamb to them when they went to London later on. So I guess I know one visit he will make when visiting Sydney.

More confusion . . .

JANE MILLS left Sydney last week. Saw her lunching at Romano's with Sheila Bell, of Goulburn. Told me that Jane was going to stay with Sheila after spending a few weeks down here.

Goodness me, I always confuse Jane and Kath Menzies—just so alike.

This rationing . . .

FUNNIEST story of the petrol rationing is that which Ian Hepworth tells against himself. Filled up with pure power alcohol instead of diluted mixture. Boy, did that car zoom off! Practically had to put chewing gum on the tyres to keep her on the road.

Guinea gold . . .

THESE red gold tresses that are sprinkling Sydney social circles these days bring many a gnash to owners of mousy or dun variety of head. Pat Murray, who wears black so perfectly with those guinea-gold locks of hers, danced by to my admiration at Prince's the other night. Squired by Tom Field. They made a very good-looking pair on the floor.

Tom's silver cigarette case, made like an envelope with his name and address engraved on it, is a continual favorite of mine.

• EDWARDIAN FOR ANNE. Diana Massey and Anne Bevan, who suits her hair style to perfection, sup at Romano's.

• ROLL OUT THE BARREL. Alison Adams, in peasant costume, turns the tap of the keg in the Beer Garden at the Roundabout cocktail party at the Australia.

• NEWLY MARRIED. Both fair-haired and blue-eyed, Barton Honey and his wife made a most attractive pair as they danced together at Prince's.

• VISITING AMERICAN. Mrs. Sim Bennet lunched at Prince's with Mr. V. A. Knopff, of Pan-American Airways, who paid a short visit to Sydney.

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STOP!
you'll spoil it!

Stop scouring...
'SMOOTH-CLEAN' your SAUCEPANS with

V.100.90 A LEVER PRODUCT

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 13

HE walked out of the bedroom and opened the de luxe suite door. He did not wish to show the slightest sign of doubt or suspicion. A ship's officer was outside; his uniform bore the insignia of a doctor.

"You have heard?" the doctor asked.

"Come in," Leonard said. "My wife has told me."

The doctor stepped into the room and took off his cap. He looked grave and studious and not unkindly.

"It was very sudden," the doctor said. "A coronary accident. Such cases are often not anticipated. I have been told you are acquainted with the gentleman. I have only come to tell you that everything was done that was possible."

"Thank you," Leonard said. "I only met him on the ship, but my wife knew him some time ago."

"I have only come to tell you," the doctor repeated, "that everything possible has been done. The names of his family are among his papers. Communications have been sent. His effects will be forwarded to them. It will be as well, perhaps, not to mention it—so as not to cast sadness on the passengers."

"Yes," said Leonard, "just as well."

"You are not in medicine, are you, Doctor Birch?"

"No," said Leonard, "I'm an entomologist, not a medical man."

"If you and the lady would care to see him," the doctor suggested, "I should be so glad."

"I'll go," Leonard said. It seemed a duty and a necessity to see in what manner Tweedsbury had died.

A sailor was standing outside a state-room door on B Deck. He stood aside and allowed the doctor to open it. The body of Odin Tweedsbury was stretched upon the bed, covered by a sheet, which the doctor drew away from his face.

"It is a pity," he said. "He was so young."

"Yes," Leonard answered, "it was probably too late when you were called."

"Yes," the doctor said. "Such attacks are very sudden."

Leonard walked towards the main staircase slowly, because the deck felt soft and unsteady. A gong was ringing, the dressing gong for dinner. It might be that he could find Mr. Awara in his room, and he was right. Mr. Awara was wrapped in a plum-colored kimono, and his evening clothes were spread upon the bed.

"So nice of you," said Mr. Awara. "I am honored that you have come to call."

Leonard took off his glasses and put them back into their case. "I suppose you've heard," he said, "that Tweedsbury is dead." Mr. Awara nodded, without speaking.

"Mr. Awara," Leonard asked, "do you think that Tweedsbury was murdered?"

Mr. Awara drew his breath softly between his teeth.

"Please," he said, "will you not sit down? I was about to seek you out as soon as I was dressed for dinner. Not 'murdered,' Doctor Birch. 'Liquidated' is the term. So much nicer, and nearer to the meaning."

Leonard rested his hand heavily on the back of a small chair. "If I ever get off this boat—" he began.

Mr. Awara raised his hand. "Please," he said. "You have been so sensible. It has been such a pleasure to have been of service. But it is not your business, Doctor Birch."

"Not my business—" Leonard began.

Mr. Awara grasped Leonard's wrist. His thin brown fingers were cool and very strong. "If you please," he said, "sit down. It would be better if you composed yourself. Such things happen very often. You do not understand. He would have understood. He would have asked for nothing else. You must please remember very carefully that it is not your business, Doctor Birch."

The touch of Mr. Awara's fingers conveyed a definite message. Mr. Awara had told him, without a tremor in his voice, of something monstrous, so monstrous that he was dazed and dizzy, but he knew it was no time to show alarm, and so he sat down heavily.

Leonard's voice was hoarse when he spoke again. "Awara," he said, "I'm going to get to the bottom of this if I have to choke it out of you. For some reason you did me a favor. I'm going to find out why, and why attempts have been made on my life—a perfectly innocent person. Also I'm going to find out what happened to Tweedsbury. Are you going to tell me, Awara?"

Mr. Awara nodded. "Please," he said. "There is little use in anger. I am very glad to tell you, Doctor Birch, and first I shall tell you why I tell you, because I am so convinced that it is no affair of yours. You have been faced by a coincidence—such a funny coincidence.

"Now, Mr. Wagner is perhaps an able man, but impulsive. We have had a quarrel about you. I do not like to quarrel. I was obliged to tell him very definitely that I do not like to deal with amateurs. They are so clumsy that they are very often dangerous. You saw Mr. Wagner with the police in Berlin, but do you know his real name? Do you know who Mr. Wagner is?"

"No," said Leonard, "I don't, and what's more, I don't give a hang."

Mr. Awara smiled and then his shoulders shook with noiseless laughter.

"Excuse me," he said. "I have always enjoyed a joke. Mr. Wagner is so careful, so intense, that he has no humor. You do not know who he is and you do not care, and yet Mr. Wagner is very sure that you know all about him. He is so egotistical. He has been so very worried that if you go to Chica you will tell who he is, and that it will spoil his plans."

"What plans has he got?" Leonard asked. "There was a wireless report this morning about a commercial agent coming from Berlin."

MR. AWARA raised his hand. "I think," he said, "it would be safer if you did not interest yourself so much. It was not wise of them to print that wireless report. Mr. Wagner has many interests. So have I. Please do not ask them, Doctor Birch."

"So he wanted to eliminate me?" Leonard said. "All right. Why did you stop him?"

Mr. Awara's eyes were on him.

"You are a scientist, Doctor Birch," he said. "I believed that it would be better in this case if you were saved to continue your work. I am associated with Mr. Wagner for the moment, but I have other interests in Chica. That was not the only reason.

"I shall tell you my other reason. In our work it is necessary to do many unpleasant things, but I have always found that killing outsiders has caused embarrassment. There is always a chance of inquiry. For instance, Mrs. Birch might have suspected. The damage might have been very great. I decided that it would be better if you remained alive." Mr. Awara drew in his breath. "I speak frankly because it is possible to change my mind. You know enough now to be dangerous, Doctor Birch."

"Thanks," Leonard said.

"It was such a pleasure to have been able to preserve you," Mr. Awara answered. "I hope so much for your sake I was not wrong. Now, with Mr. Tweedsbury it was different."

"Why?" Leonard asked.

Mr. Awara answered patiently, without a change in his voice. "This afternoon there came a wireless report," he said. "It was information that Mr. Tweedsbury was in the British Intelligence. There was only one thing to do. I hope you understand. There is an important negotiation in Chica. He could not be allowed to interfere."

Leonard started to speak, but Mr. Awara stopped him. "Wait," he said. "By accident, you have glanced behind a curtain into a world you do not know. Mr. Tweedsbury was in that world, and I am in it, and Mr. Wagner. We are not very nice people. There are certain rules. There will be no trouble about Mr. Tweedsbury. He took his risks and his superiors will understand. It is a risk which I have taken so very, very often. In fact, I take it now, but it would be much nicer if you did not investigate further, Doctor Birch. You are so fortunate to be out of it. Even Mr. Wagner agrees by now and we rely on your discretion."

"What," Leonard asked, "do you mean by my discretion?"

"When we touch at Santa Rosa you will be safe if you remain aboard ship, and after a week I shall be delighted to have you and Mrs. Birch return to Chica, and so will Mr. Wagner, who is a very pleasant man. We shall have a drink of whisky together and speak about mosquitoes. It is better not to interfere. Do you not think so, Doctor Birch? That is all, and now you really know everything. And now we will be good friends. Please do not ask any more questions."

Mr. Awara's voice was still gentle, but it indicated command rather than entreaty. It aroused the scientist's desire to probe further into a region that was unknown to him.

"No," Mr. Awara went on again, "please do not ask any further questions. Please consider yourself fortunate that you know as much as you do and are able to extricate yourself. It is so opportune for you that your professional reputation is so high."

"What do you know about my professional reputation?" Leonard asked.

Mr. Awara smiled

"I was so very interested," he said, "that yesterday I made wireless inquiries of a certain well-informed fellow countryman in New York. I was happy to find that you are one of the world's great authorities on the malarial mosquito. It is hard to replace certain types of knowledge. It is important that malarial conditions in Chica be improved. That is why I was obliged to quarrel with Mr. Wagner about you.

Please turn to page 36

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—Highlight of the news recently has been the Burma Road. It runs

From the Burmese coast to the Burma-China frontier — from inland Burma into China—from the Burmese coast into China—from Burma into China via India.

2—Nothing nicer than linen frocks and suits for summer. Linen's made from flax, of course, and who do you think offered a big prize early in the 19th century for the invention of a flax-spinning apparatus?

Napoleon — King George III — Abraham Lincoln — Charles James Fox — Sir Walter Scott.

3—As we said, linen comes from flax, and from the seeds of flax comes

Gutta-percha — jute — Indian ink. — linseed oil.

4—While we're wandering round the East, Mandalay, of Kipling's poem fame, is in

Burma—China — Indo-China—Thai (Siam) — North India.

5—One for the housewife and her fancy cookery. A chocolate eclair is

A kind of gelatine shape — a chocolate souffle with cream — a long cream-puff, chocolate iced —chocolate sundae with custard.

6—This is so easy you can answer it all by yourself.

In the A.I.F., what is a Q.M.G.?

7—October 21—that was Monday of this week—was the anniversary of that momentous event in British history—

The battle of Waterloo — the Battle of Trafalgar — the signing of Magna Charta — the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

8—"To be, or not to be" comes from Shakespeare, from the play

Othello — Julius Caesar — Cymbeline — Macbeth — Hamlet.

9—Is the lyrebird a native Australian?

Yes — No.

10—There's a tiny liquid measure, about one drop. It's called a

Minim — millicule — drip — scruple.

Answers on page 36

Germolene
SKIN OINTMENT
BANISHES
FACIAL BLEMISHES

GERMOLENE QUICKLY HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS INSECT BITES SUNBURN ABSCESSES ULCERS, PILES.

"Some 12 months ago I developed an irritating skin complaint on the face, and after three months I had to undergo treatment. Soon afterwards the complaint started again and for months my face was never clear of blemishes. Two weeks ago I bought a small tin of Germolene. Now my face is quite free from blemishes. This is a splendid recommendation, and I suggest that all skin sufferers should try Germolene without delay. —L.H.K.

Germolene!—triumphs when all else fails. Soothes the throb—allays the "itch"—stops the spread and heals without a trace.
All Chemists & Stores. 1/6 & 3/6
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K 286-40

The Case of Mrs. MARY W—

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Nyal Figsen is *NOT* a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and *naturally* — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

REDUCE YOUR WAIST!

TRY A GOVERNA BELT FOR 7 DAYS AT OUR RISK

A bulging waistline endangers your health and well-being. The GOVERNA CORRECTIVE BELT will give you a slim, athletic figure. Fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks, or buttons. Supports correctly the delicate organs, and, by its gentle changing pressure, banishes waistline fat and bulge with every move you make.

Try the GOVERNA BELT AT OUR RISK —in seven days your waistline will be 3ins smaller — 3ins of strain and bulge gone —or NO COST. Write for full details of FREE TRIAL OFFER and Illustrated Folder. Mention this paper. GOVERNA BELT CO., 241-243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

She discovered an amazing secret by washing her BLONDE HAIR at home!

Her hair had been going mousy. Her outstanding blonde personality was fading. She was getting 'ordinary'. Then she started to wash her hair at home. And made this amazing discovery ... that only Sta-blond can reveal the true sparkling glory of natural blonde hair. Then came the flash of a thousand unsuspected highlights—a glistening glamorous silkiness — that meant extra sex appeal and allure.

Never before was she so beautiful in his eyes ... and love came!

You, too, can reveal the hidden beauty of your blonde hair. Use Sta-blond. It prevents fair hair from darkening. It brings back that 'lighter' colour to mousy fair hair.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Adorably Dainty

Only a long-lasting perspiration check will satisfy the standards of a girl who is truly fastidious.

Liquid Odorono, a doctor's prescription, safely and surely controls perspiration moisture and odour.

This priceless safeguard has made Odorono the first choice of cultured women. It is a surer protection even if you suffer acutely from perspiration.

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Young men and women all go through a period when their blood is out of order, when pimples and skin eruptions appear. For this condition doctors recommend Yeast, the active blood-purifier, the vital elements of which are contained in Cream of Yeast! Nothing else to equal it for toning up the system, purifying the blood stream, clearing up embarrassing skin troubles. Try Cream of Yeast today. Sold under Money Back Guarantee.

CREAM of YEAST

Sold everywhere. 1/3, 2/-, 3/6 and 5/9.

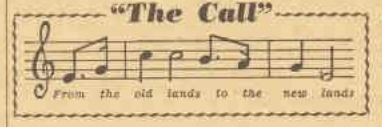
They sang their way to new home

Children had carefree voyage

By META MACLEAN, one of the escorts to British children, in an interview

When the British children came aboard for the voyage to Australia, we determined to make it a singing ship and a happy voyage.

"The Call"



As an Australian I knew these children from bomb-scarred England were coming to a happy country, and I wanted them to feel that in advance. I wrote them "The Call" and it became their theme-song.

IT is an inspiring marching song, which the children adopted as their very own.

Even the smallest of them can pipe up with the words and music.

This has been the most interesting job of my life.

It has been difficult, of course, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

The greatest antidote to the natural homesickness felt by the children for the first few days was the marvellous kindness and love poured out on them by all the Poles of all classes on board the vessel we travelled on.

The captain helped me to put a Polish song, "Rota," into English. I worked it back into verse, and with the assistance of Rev. W. Phillips, Father Kelly, and Mr. W. Oates, of South Australia, I taught it to all the children.

My own song, "The Call," I wrote intending it to be the kiddies' greeting song to Australia, but they learned it very quickly, and then sang it at every port of call.

Miss M. E. Osborne was my collaborator on the words.

The ship should have been called the "Singing Ship," for I have never heard a big group of children anywhere sing with such gusto.

Their favorite numbers seem to be the good old "Waltzing Matilda" and "There'll Always be a Britain" . . . We changed the word England to Britain, as the Scottish children demanded it.

"The Sundowner's Song of the West," one of our own Australian songs, they sing excellently.

They then fill in with sea chanteys, patriotic choruses, campfire songs, and folk-songs from England, Wales and Scotland.

We Australians who have helped to bring out our little guests know that our countrymen and countrywomen with their warm hearts will realise that these children from Britain need more than physical care after their arrival.

The psychological results of this very real "uprooting" go very deep, and all kinds of problems are sure to arise.

Perhaps the few words I said to the mothers and fathers in Australia over the air from the B.B.C. before I left have been heard in Australia.

I wish I could picture for you the scene as the ship left a West Coast port of England.

Four hundred and eighty-three voices yelled good-bye, and on the wharf the pile of gas-masks they had unshouldered bore silent witness to the horror from which they were being sent away.

The whole saga of wailing sirens, of groping searchlights, of anti-aircraft guns, and the drone of planes will be told to their foster parents, for air-raids are their last vivid memory.

MISS META MACLEAN, Australian composer, one of the escorts to British children now safe in Australia.

Their song

THIS is the chorus of the song, specially written by Meta Maclean, the British children, sang as their ship reached Sydney.

From the old lands to the new lands
Come Britons young and free:
With courage true
We come to you
From our homes across the sea.
Now the old world and the new world
Shall travel hand in hand.
And we'll answer, one and all,
When the great traditions call—
Children of one Motherland.

Three raids

IN the two nights they waited at the port there were three raids, and the children spent them in the shelter.

Taken from every part of England, Scotland, and Wales, their ages ranging from five to fifteen years, they represent a cross-section of British life.

Our safe arrival in Australia after our wandering voyage is the dawn of a new day for all of us.

The children are crazy to see the koalas. All the way out they kept asking me: "Please, Miss, will there be koalas at Sydney? Please, Miss, will there be koalas at Tasmania . . .?" so I wrote a special song, "Little Koala, I Love You."

One of the most touching incidents as we neared Australia was the remark of little Brenda Mallett, who said:

"Miss Maclean, we're the Israelites and you can see the Promised Land through the porthole . . ."

Brenda proudly claims that she is an "Aussie," as her father is a South Australian, but is at present at Australia House.

Edna Wastell is eleven, and her brothers are fourteen, twelve and seven, so on her youthful shoulders rests some of the responsibility of this little family in a new land.

Edna and her brothers are going to their aunt, Mrs. Sharkey, of Kogarah, Sydney.

Like most of the foster mothers, Mrs. Sharkey will find Edna bright and extremely self-reliant.

Ten months of war with evacuation and disintegration of family life have brought out qualities in Edna and other British children which will stand them in good stead.

Edna's frock for landing has short set-in sleeves and a full skirt. It is flowered linen with green trimmings. She made it herself, and in her suitcases are other frocks which she made under her teacher's supervision.

She doesn't consider that much of an effort, though. At home she sews for the boys, too, darns their socks, and patches their trousers. That is the way Edna was brought up, like many of the other children, for they are not children of the rich.

I could tell you many more stories of the children.

But Australians will soon find out for themselves the real grit and determination of these youngsters who are starting a new and SAFE life . . .

See pictures on page 11

Once she was always "off-colour"

Now Full of Life and Fun

Constipation is one of the commonest of children's ailments. Often there's nothing else wrong and it's so easily remedied. Just give Califig regularly. Gentle and sure in action and pleasant to take, it's made specially for children. Doctors and nurses recommend it.

CALIFIG

NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE California Syrup of Figs

Smart nails for months with this big 6d. bottle.

Don't trust your nails to unknown polishes. Use L'Onglex, the famous English polish. It wears for days without chipping or fading, and its shades are always fashion-right!

L'Onglex CREME POLISH (11 shades)

NAIL PROTECTOR CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER 6D. per bottle

RHEUMATISM Backache, Neuritis, etc. GO World's Fastest Way

THE cause of backache and rheumatic aches and pains is Uric Acid. Drive the uric poisons from the system and you are fit and well at once. To do this, the one sure, safe, medically-recommended way is to take Harrison's Pills, the signed remedy of a leading London doctor. No matter how many things have failed you, a few doses of HARRISON'S PILLS will make a marked improvement, clearly showing their wonderful power.

QUICK, SAFE RELIEF!

If you have Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Neuritis, Dizziness, Puffiness under the eyes or any illness due to Uric Acid or Kidney Trouble—don't give up hope. What you need is a specialised remedy that will give both prompt relief from pain and banish the cause. You need Harrison's Pills, which are an approved, effective remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs—a perfect combination of the most valuable remedial agents known.

Harrison's Pills work on different lines. First: They cleanse and soothe the kidneys and urinary tract EFFECTIVELY. This alone gives immediate and exceptionally beneficial relief. Next: They dissolve the uric acid crystals and deposits that torture the joints, nerves and muscles. Finally: They eliminate the danger-elements from the system. Other remedies do not provide the same guaranteed action and thorough security as Harrison's Pills. No other gives such a quick, safe, completely assured clearing up of all aspects of the trouble in so short a time.

MONEY BACK!

If not completely satisfied with Harrison's Pills, return part empty bottle to Amalgamated Labs., Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

Nothing stops the Pain like HARRISON'S PILLS

HAIR SPARKLES with RICHER TONES

Simple to use but delightful in result, the Camilatone Beauty Routine is the answer to every beauty-loving woman's wish. Shampoo and rinse; the one to cleanse, the other to enrich the colour, brighten the tone and add new life and sparkle. Special Camilatone shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6d. each from chemists, stores and beauty parlours. Additional Tonrinz, separately, 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR with Camilatone BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

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Stop your child's choking, tearing cough—VAPO-CRESOLENE, inhaled while sleeping, brings quickest relief.

Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapour direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. Does not upset the stomach. Drugless, easy to use. Disinfects the room and prevents the spread of infection.

Vapo-Cresolene

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For 60 years the proven treatment for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh.

From all Chemists.

Send for Booklet No. 1—C

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P.O. Box 531E, Melbourne

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

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"RHYMING JACKPOTS"

Send in your limericks, or enter as a contestant in this amusing Jackpot and prove that you, too, might have been a Shakespeare.

Weds. 9.45 p.m.

"SATURDAY STAKES"

If you know a good joke, write it down and post it to G.P.O. Box 4171-X., with an entry fee of 6d. There is 10/- for each joke dramatised and a big prize for the best joke.

Sats. 7.45

£25 minimum prize to set the ball rolling, Saturday, October 26

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 34

"HE is still angry with the unfortunate photographer who allowed me to develop that film. Mr. Wagner is a very stern man. I told him very plainly that poor Karl could not help it, and yet Mr. Wagner has felt it necessary to take a disciplinary step against him. I am sorry, because I think that Miss Bailey, who is so pretty, loved the photographer. It is better to make a rule in our profession never to love." Mr. Awara sighed.

"I suppose something has happened to the photographer, then," Leonard said.

"It would be better," Mr. Awara answered, "if you did not ask questions."

"And I suppose you and your German friends are trying to get a foothold in Chica?" Leonard said.

"You told me that you were only interested in science, Doctor Birch," Mr. Awara said. "Please continue only with that interest. I should be so sorry if I found you growing too interested in me. Let us try only to be good friends. I do not like to threaten. I think you understand that you are close to something very dangerous. It will be better if you continue with mosquitoes."

"Don't worry," said Leonard. "You're out of my line. I'd rather play with a bushmaster snake than play with you."

Mr. Awara laughed. "A bushmaster snake," he said. "I am so glad you understand. They will not bite unless they are stepped on." Mr. Awara drew in his breath again. "I hope," he added, "that Mr. Tweedsbury said nothing to you. It could not be that he left you any message? It would have been unwise." Mr. Awara's eyes were on him. Leonard drew his spectacle case from his pocket, and Mr. Awara's eyes followed each motion.

"No," Leonard said. "Why should he? You see, I hardly knew him."

His own voice, as he heard it, sounded completely steady and completely indifferent, but he was struggling against sudden, sharp surprise. He was wondering what had happened to his wits. Until Mr. Awara had referred to it, he had completely forgotten that letter of Tweedsbury's which he had stuffed into his hip pocket before he went to sleep, and when Mr. Awara mentioned it, his hand had nearly started for his pocket. He was not entirely sure whether he had wholly checked the gesture.

"I am glad," Mr. Awara said. "I have not believed that it was possible. Perhaps it would be best now to dress for dinner. After dinner there will be motion pictures in the lounge. Perhaps we may have a brandy together after dinner. It would be nice. Your call has been so pleasant."

Leonard closed Mr. Awara's door and started up the stairs. The air from the open portholes was already much warmer and sweet with the strange, salty fragrance of the tropic sea. He walked up the stairs slowly to the next deck, and then casually he reached towards his back pocket—and for a moment stood stock-still. His pocket was empty.

There had been several times in Leonard's life when he had been afraid, but the moment when he found his pocket empty was apart. He had a sickening feeling of helplessness, and in an instant all of Mr. Awara's words came back to him with their cool, dispassionate clearness. If they had taken that letter from him, he knew, with mathematical certainty, that he was doomed. He had lied to Mr. Awara about it, and that would be enough to damn him.

Nothing was clear until he was back in the green-carpeted sitting-room. Then a haze lifted from his mind—it must have been a haze of panic—and he saw Winnie standing in front of him, and he heard his breath coming fast, as though he had been running.

"Leonard," she was stammering, "what—what is it?"

"A letter," he heard himself saying, "I had a letter in *my pocket*."

"You mean a letter from Odin?" Winnie asked. "Leonard, don't look like that. You must have dropped it when you got up. It was on the carpet beside the bed."

His knees felt weak and he lowered himself into a chair. He felt no relief; he simply felt dull until he looked at her. He thought that he must have frightened her and the thought made him ashamed until he saw that her eyes met his steadily. She was holding an envelope out to him, the envelope which had been in the book, and he snatched it rudely out of her hand, and lowered his voice.

"I am *sorry* I acted such a fool," he said. "I thought I'd lost it. It isn't anything much."

"Oh," she said, and there was a queer ring in her voice, "isn't it anything much?"

He had the sheet of notepaper and the second envelope in his hand.

"Since I left," he asked, "has anyone been here? Has anyone seen this? Has anyone—" He stopped. He saw that the second envelope had been torn open.

"Who opened that?" he said.

"I did," she said. "You'd better read it, Leonard, he must have known."

Leonard put on his glasses and, as always, that simple act was reassuring.

"Winnie," he said, "you shouldn't have opened it. That was addressed to me."

"Well, I did," she answered. "And now what?"

Leonard was sitting near a little table on which a reading lamp was standing. He switched on the light and unfolded the thin sheet of paper. The writing was very small, unlike the heavy scrawl of the covering note. Winnie had started to speak again, but he stopped her.

"Don't talk," he said. "I'm reading." He was following his old habit of reading very carefully.

"Dear Birch: If you get this it's the only thing I can think of doing, and maybe the best, because matters begin to seem a little awkward. The news came from London, a rumor, and they sent me down. From something I learned to-day I know the rumor is right. An overthrow of government is being planned in Chica, sponsored by a certain power, not an ordinary revolution. If Prisca is thrown over, Chica will be an axis colony literally—submarine bases, plane fields and a military nucleus.

"You must take my word that this is a serious effort and very important. Your people must know of this, because it must be stopped. If you read this I'll be dead, so it's up to you. I hate to ask you to take the chance, but it's worth doing.

"The first stop is Curacao. You must get off there. Act like a tourist, take your time. Go up to the perfume and curio shops where all the tourists go, and stop at Cohen's Bazaar. Ask to see a man named Javres. He's a Eurasian. He's sound, I think. Tell him I'm dead. Tell him I want a cable sent to your bureau in Washington. He knows who. Your people have to know. Tell him to say in the cable that they are sending their No. 1 man to Chica and a Japanese. That will convey enough, but Prisca must be told.

"You will have to get to Chica. You'll have to hire one of those fishing boats and make for the mainland. It's a day's sail. Javres will help you. When you get there, get to Prisca, tell him to look out for General Flores. Tell him, too, they are sending their No. 1 man and a Japanese. Tell him there's no time.

"Prisca is no fool and he will understand and act quickly. It's dangerous, but it's worth it, and you'll do it if you're what I think you are. Don't say a word to Winnie. Leave her on the boat. And, naturally, burn this up. Watch out for Wagner and the Japanese. Frightfully sorry I cannot give you details, and sorry to trouble you, and wish we could have had a talk."

HOLDING the letter beneath the light, Leonard read it through a second time. It seemed to him a curious combination of incoherence and clarity, but there was no doubt of one thing: The man who had written it was desperately in earnest.

"You don't think Odin was crazy, do you?" Winnie asked. "I don't. He wouldn't have written such a thing if he hadn't known something was dreadfully serious."

"If you don't mind," Leonard said. "I'd rather you didn't talk for a minute. I'm trying to think."

"I never knew that Odin——" Winnie began.

"I don't suppose you did," said Leonard. "Of course he was in their Intelligence. British are queer that way. They're very surprising sometimes." He took a box of matches from his pocket and lighted a corner of the paper and held it in his hand, watching the flame move upward.

"He was always so nice," Winnie said. "Once I was almost in love with Odin."

Leonard did not answer. His entire attention was concentrated on burning up the paper. He dropped the blackened remains of it in an ash-tray and then set fire to the other sheet and both the envelopes, watching while they burned, but he was thinking all the time while Winnie stood there watching him. The thing that shocked him most was that she knew as much about it as he did.

"You should have left that stuff alone," he said.

"I never thought," she answered.

"Well," he said, "you're in it now. We both are in it."

When she replied, there was a strange note in her voice. "I'm glad," she said, "I saw that letter. You can't shut me out of it now."

"Winnie," Leonard said, "you don't know what you're talking about."

Her smile was different from any of hers he had ever seen. It had a thin-lipped, Mona Lisa look.

"But you're going to tell me what I'm talking about," she said. "I don't see how you can help but tell me, since we're both caught in it. I'm going to be with you, Leonard. I'm going where you go. For the first time in my life I'm going to be with you."

"I suppose," he said, "that's true."

"You needn't be sorry about it," she said, "because it's what I've always wanted—something you've never been willing to give me. I don't care what happens. I really don't care as long as I have a chance to expand my ego a little, Leonard."

Leonard stood up and walked towards her. "Well, here's your chance," he said.

"You're going to do what he wants," she asked, "aren't you, Leonard?"

Leonard nodded slowly.

"It's a little out of my line," he said. "I'm trying to think what's best for you."

Please turn to page 38

The answer is—

1—From inland Burma into China.
2—Napoleon.
3—Linseed oil.
4—Burma.
5—A long cream-puff, chocolate iced.
6—Quartermaster-General.
7—The Battle of Trafalgar.
8—Hamlet.
9—Yes.
10—Minim.

Questions on page 34

Men's Hearts BEAT FASTER

MAKE MEN'S HEARTS beat faster—give your lips warm, kiss-inviting allure. Touch them with Michel Lipstick. Notice how comfortable and satin-smooth it leaves them—what a fresh young color it gives them—how its subtle fragrance helps make them irresistible. That's because Michel is a cunningly blended lipstick that conditions and protects your lips as it beautifies them. Its perfectly balanced consistency keeps your mouth fresh and kiss-inviting the clock round. Seven beautifying shades—Blonde, Brunette, Vivid, Raspberry, Capucine, Cherry, Scarlet.

Price 2/3 each. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

£1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

CALLS FOR SALUTE

THE finest citizens and best assets to our country are the Australian mothers with large families who are found in our poorer suburbs.

When I see them going up to the market with their prams to get the most nourishing food and freshest vegetables with the few shillings at their disposal, I feel we should salute them all.

Patriotism has many forms, not the least of them being the home service that can be given to children when the family income is small.

£1 for this letter to L. Chung, Main Road, Olinda, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHOICE OF WORDS

LISTENING to the average person's speech I have been struck by the limited vocabulary most of us use.

Is it laziness or fear? Laziness makes us forget to look up the exact meaning of a word, and fear of sounding ridiculous stops us from using words we are not sure of pronouncing.

C. R. Walker, 7 Lansdowne St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

MOTHER'S DUTIES

IS it fair that a mother-in-law should pass on to a new daughter-in-law tasks which she should have done for her son before he married?

One girl I know received a large parcel of her husband's clothes which required mending. Another was given several shirts which needed ironing.

Surely such thoughtlessness must antagonise the young bride who naturally hopes to be friends with her new relatives.

Constance Child, c/o Mrs. Hill, Hilderstone Flats, Hilderstone St., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

SOCIAL DISTINCTION

FOR many years I was an office worker. Circumstances forced me to change my occupation to that of domestic worker.

My health greatly benefited, but I soon realised that I was in most cases regarded as socially inferior.

This did not trouble me, as I also met with much kindness, but I think that if some certificate of efficiency were necessary it would remove that "difference" and encourage a better class of help for the home.

Miss Ethel Houghton, 339 New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Modern children and their right training

WE hear a great deal about lack of manners in the child of to-day (Mrs. Pearson, 5/10/'40).

So very often we hear the parents of these children criticising and

Shows bad temper.

blaming the schools and their teachers for their offsprings' rudeness, failing to realise that the home environment plays a much greater part than the school.

E. Waddle, 46 Dornoch Tce., Highgate Hill, Brisbane.

Lack control

MANY modern parents are afraid of their children.

Unable to control them they choose the easiest way and allow them to behave as they wish, generally to the annoyance of others. They are not taught to respect age and are permitted to air their views in every adult conversation.

A likeable child is one who remains a child and shows respect to elders.

Judith O'Connor, c/o G. H. Burton, Reiby Chambers, Reiby Lane, Sydney.

Too much freedom

ONCE upon a time children were treated with far too much strictness. Now things have gone to the other extreme.

Rudeness and lack of consideration for others are considered cute. Parents laugh at them. If other people condemn such ugly habits they are considered old-fashioned.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, S.A.

More attractive

I FIND the modern child a most attractive little person. Due to a less restricted upbringing, most children to-day lack selfconsciousness. We see little of the weeping youngster hiding behind its mother's skirts when visitors arrive.

Instead, a bright, cheerful little face is ready at the door to welcome the guests, and the young family member takes reasonable part in the general conversation.

J. R. Brooks, Kooyong Rd., Elsternwick, Vic.

Share wardrobe or hoard good clothes?

THE wealthy woman who gives away her clothes to her poorer friends needs a special brand of tact, Mrs. N. Bourke (5/10/'40).

From the point of view of circulating money, it is better for the person who can afford it to replace her wardrobe as often as she wishes.

But when it comes to handing out clothes to others, only the really generous and tactful woman can do so without suggesting the "charity" which all normal and independent people resent so bitterly.

Miss K. Townsend, P.O., Geelong, Vic.

Best background for future happiness

IT has been said that children from happy homes have the greatest chance of making happy marriages. Is this so?

Children from such homes probably drift into marriage expecting the same kind of home to develop without any effort on their part.

Lonely, unhappy young people are far more likely to long for marriage as a way to happiness, and be willing to do all in their power to create a home of love and contentment.

F. Munroe, Denman Ave., Glen Iris, Vic.

Can be useful

IT is not extravagance to replace anything if the discards are passed on to someone less fortunate.

There is little satisfaction in tiring of a frock and hoarding it, but to pass it on is a practice to be encouraged.

It not only helps industry, but the individual. Thrift and charity are a good combination.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marrickville, N.S.W.

Avoid waste

THERE is little use in hoarding clothes which one does not intend to wear.

Quite often we make a mistake and buy a frock which we find does not suit us, or to which we take an unwarranted but immovable dislike.

If we can afford to try again, why should we not pass that dress on to someone whom it would suit?

Wardrobes full of semi-worn things are an economic waste.

Miss L. G. T. Smith, Rose St., Prospect, S.A.

War work's effect on woman's place in home

A WOMAN who has the care of a home is best helping the war effort by keeping her family fit and well, A. E. Mosely (5/10/'40).

Perhaps the men who criticise

Gets more praise than criticism.

women's war work have been neglected and feel they have cause for complaint.

Most men admire the woman who, having plenty of leisure, gives it voluntarily to help some good cause.

Mrs. J. Grant, P.O., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Set example

IT is only the person with a "little" mind who stops to criticise women who are doing war work.

Generally speaking, women have taken their war effort far more seriously than many men.

We have the example of Britain where women trained themselves for war work for many months, and even years, before the struggle began.

Mrs. C. H. Browning, East Pde., Kensington, S.A.

Only temporary

THERE can be nothing finer than the spirit of patriotism which prompts women to take over men's work during the war period.

However, such temporary arrangements have the unfortunate result of establishing many women employees in permanent positions which should revert to the men after hostilities have ceased.

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

THOSE SHINY NOSES

MEN are never tired of laughing at women who frequently use powder-puffs.

But now the hot weather has returned, many men are seen with red, shiny faces, and looking most unattractive.

Their appearance, they claim, is natural, but art sometimes improves on nature.

We do not want men to run around with mirrors and puffs, but if they would use their handkerchiefs or anything to remove that fearful shine, how much better they would look to their feminine colleagues!

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o "The Economic Store," Bowen Hills NI, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

TOO MUCH TALK

THERE is frequent gossip about soldiers' wives, and the talkers say: "They are going out too much now that their husbands are overseas."

Let us remember the other side of this question. There is the sacrifice these women make in parting with their loved ones. Many of them have children and are prepared to battle along on very little money.

Also, for every hour of harmless pleasure there will be many spent in heartbreaking loneliness.

We should only admire them, never condemn, if they seek a little amusement now and then.

Thelma Potter, 10 Sampson St., Orange, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

THAT MODERN ART

A VISIT to a contemporary art show in Melbourne recently has left me wondering.

Although some of the colors were beautifully blended, it was hard to believe that such inspirations could have come from sane persons.

If the younger generation is expected to carry on the traditions of the old masters, they should be encouraged to see beauty as it really is.

Mrs. Ern Berry, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

While she slept her hands became softer and whiter!

"My hands were so rough and red that I always wanted to put them behind my back when I met people," says Mrs. G. Burton of Frenchman's Road, Randwick. "I'd given up hope of ever having nice hands, until my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion. It felt lovely and soothing — not a bit sticky like other hand lotions I've tried. So I got into the habit of using Pond's regularly, every time I washed, and before going to bed at night. And I was surprised when I found out how much difference Pond's made to my hands! I noticed it after just a few applications — and now Pond's Hand Lotion keeps my hands so beautifully soft and smooth you'd never guess how much housework I do!"

Daily protection needed to keep hands lovely.

Washing up, peeling vegetables, housework, being out in chapping winds and sun—these are the things which, every day, take the beauty out of your hands. No wonder they need *daily* protection! You can keep your hands soft, smooth and white. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. And Pond's is rich and concentrated. *You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion.*

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be thrilled how much whiter and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/6½ at all stores and chemists and 1/9½ for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much. (Prices including Sales Tax.)

KEEP BRIGHT AND ALERT .. Take Eno!

High spirits are a boon, not only to yourself, but to others in these strenuous times. An infectious gaiety is the outward sign of perfect health, and is impossible if you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, sick headaches and other stomach disorders. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning will correct the acidity which is the cause of these ailments and make sure that the system is thoroughly yet gently cleared of poisonous food waste.

Get a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to-day.

2/3 and 3/9 at chemists, stores and canteens.

Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

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Teething well over

Children come easily and happily through teething when their blood-stream is kept cool and their habits regular by Steedman's Powders, the safe, gentle aperient. For over 100 years mothers have given Steedman's to children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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MARK YOUR CLOTHES INDELIBLY WITH-

MELANYL MARKING INK

(Made in England)

Melanyl stays black and will not wash or boil out. It is not wasteful because the patent screw cap prevents the ink from drying up. Obtainable everywhere. Refuse cheap substitutes, they are not as good.

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 36

"NEVER mind what's best for me," she said. "Don't you see I don't want that?"

Leonard put his hand on her shoulder. "Hush," he whispered.

He had heard a quick footstep. Someone had paused outside the door of the sitting-room and a moment later there was a light, swift knock.

"Sit down," he whispered, and he opened the sitting-room door. Miss Nera Bailey was standing outside in an evening dress, holding a pencil and a paper.

"I just called in," she said, "to ask if you and Mrs. Birch would care to play in the bridge tournament to-night."

"Yes," Leonard said, "we'd be glad to."

"Table Three, then," Miss Bailey said. "It's such a help when the passengers take part in things . . . Doctor Birch, is anything in here burning?"

Leonard turned and looked about the room. Winnie was seated by the table lamp, reading a magazine.

"Why, no," he said. "What makes you ask?"

"It must be my imagination," Miss Bailey said. She was smiling, but there was no smile in her eyes. They were studying every line on Leonard's face. "Everyone's so afraid of fire at sea. It just smelled for a moment as though some paper had been burning."

"Perhaps a cigarette," said Leonard.

Her glance moved away from him and he looked where she was looking. She was looking at the ash-tray on the table and at the remains of the burnt paper.

"It must be my imagination," Miss Bailey said. Her eyes were back on his, dark blue and a little narrow. "Well, then, Table Three."

Leonard stood and watched her walk away before he closed the door.

"Confound her snooping little nose," he said. "That tears it."

Winnie tossed her magazine on the state-room floor.

"She knew you'd been burning something," Winnie said.

"Yes, she knows," Leonard told her, "and she mentioned it to see how I'd take it. We've got to get off this boat. We're not safe here. We're not safe anywhere. We've got to see that man, the one in Tweedsbury's letter. We need help, quite a lot of help. I'm sorry, Winnie, I didn't mean to frighten you."

Winnie shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not frightened," she said. "Leonard, do you know something?"

"What?" he asked.

"Just now it's the first time you've ever talked to me as though I were half human. I'd rather have that than anything."

Leonard stood motionless in the centre of the room. "Well, you're going to have a lot of it," he said. "You'll get just what you want. Come on—we've got to get ready for dinner, and I'll quarrel with you when you trump my ace as though it were just yesterday, and try to look happy—and thank the captain and Mr. Wagner for your lovely room, and after that we'll come down here and talk. But just remember this: Stay with me all the time. Don't get out of my sight."

"I won't," said Winnie. "That's all right with me."

Twenty minutes later, on their way to the dining-room, Leonard paused at the bulletin board by the purser's office. One of the clerks had just finished tacking up a typewritten notice.

"Owing to the illness of the ship's photographer, the photograph room will be temporarily closed," Leonard read.

"Let's go on," said Winnie. "I don't see that that's very interesting. Why, what——"

There was a sound behind them of a sharply indrawn breath. It was Miss Bailey, looking closely at the notice.

"Hello," said Leonard. "What happened to your friend?"

She smiled at them, but her smile was not convincing. "I don't know," she said. "I—I—haven't heard," and then her words came more easily: "Karl was never very strong . . . There's a very nice couple at your bridge table, Doctor Birch."

They had been long enough at sea for the Erlkonig to be turning into a little community of its own, a community which had nearly all the aspects of the mainland from which it had sailed. That evening, as far as anyone could tell, was simply another one of those shipboard evenings where passengers who had saved their money for a happy time were doing their best to get it. There were paper caps and whistles at dinner, and motion pictures in the assembly room, and dancing afterward, and bridge.

It was not so difficult as Leonard had feared to do what everyone else was doing, and as the evening went on there seemed to be nothing out of the way about anything. He did well at bridge, and Winnie had never done better. It was nearly midnight when they finished the final rubber, and then he discovered that Mr. Wagner was standing behind his chair, watching the play.

"Your game is very good," Mr. Wagner said.

"There's nothing like bridge to take your mind off your troubles," Leonard answered.

"Yes," said Mr. Wagner, "that is so. Would you care to play another rubber before you go to bed? There is Miss Bailey. She is such a good player. I'm sure Mrs. Birch would be amused."

"ASK us to-morrow," Leonard told him. "We'll be wider awake to-morrow."

"A nightcap," Mr. Wagner suggested, "before you go to bed?"

"Ask us that to-morrow, too," Leonard answered. "But there is one thing I should like to ask you to-night. My wife and I have been talking. We have been thinking of leaving the ship and staying over for ten days at Caracas before we go on to Chica. I should like my equipment to be landed at Santa Rosa. Do you suppose it is possible to make some arrangement with the line?" It seemed to Leonard that Mr. Wagner's answer was definitely enthusiastic.

"I'm sure there would be plenty of time to arrange it," Mr. Wagner said. "Three days before we reach Curacao and then another day before we touch at Venezuela. I shall intercede with the purser myself. I do not believe there will be any difficulty at all. Mrs. Birch must certainly see Caracas. I can give you introductions to friends there. It would be a pity to be in too much of a hurry to get to Chica. There is so much else to see."

Then they exchanged a quick, understanding glance.

"Mr. Awara suggested there was no hurry about Chica," Leonard said. "I had never thought of it in quite that way until he mentioned it. Yes, you miss so much by hurrying."

LEONARD smiled and Mr. Wagner smiled.

"Mr. Awara is absolutely right," Mr. Wagner answered. "I promise to do everything I can."

When they were back in their sitting-room again, Leonard polished the lenses of his glasses carefully and took off his coat.

"What were you talking to him about?" said Winnie. "Why did you say we were getting off at Caracas? Why do we want to see Caracas?"

"If you'll bring me my brief case," Leonard said, "I'll explain. I'm going to tell you everything. You're going to talk about Caracas a good deal for the next three days. You're going to tell everyone we're stopping there. We are going to send a radio for hotel reservations, but we're never going to see Caracas. We're going to walk off the boat at Curacao, just you and me, without even a handbag. We're going to disappear in Curacao, and we're going to miss the boat.

"I want them to be perfectly sure that we're not going on to Chica. I think they understand it now. It's going to be like a game of bridge. We have to get all the facts and then we have to guess at what we don't know. Sit down. I'm going to talk to you for quite a while."

"Well, don't lecture to me," Winnie said. "I always get sleepy when you start to lecture."

"I don't think you'll be sleepy this time," Leonard answered, "because everything is dangerous and everything is new. You and I are going to do things we've never dreamed of. It's like starting on an expedition into a completely unknown country. There's only one thing to remember. We must know exactly what we're doing. We mustn't be frightened. We mustn't be impulsive. If you just remember to be cautious and logical, you can get almost anywhere, you can do almost anything."

He pulled a curtain over the glass door to the deck and took out of his brief case a collection of travel folders which showed boat and plane connections.

He laid a map on the floor in front of him and pointed out the island of Curacao and the mainland. He showed her that Chica was not far from the island, not more than twenty-four hours with a fair wind. The project was to miss the boat and get to Chica.

"You see," he said, "the Erlkonig makes three stops before she touches at Santa Rosa. Even if Mr. Wagner could make her change her schedule, I don't believe he'd do it. We should get to Chica ahead of the Erlkonig, but this man in Curacao, the one whom Tweedsbury mentioned, I am conceding that we can depend on him. The main thing is to find him."

"You sound like a travel agent," Winnie said.

"Well," he told her, "it's always important to get the facts."

"Don't you ever get in a lather about anything?" Winnie asked. "I don't understand you, Leonard."

"I suppose it's the way I'm made," Leonard said.

"I suppose it is," Winnie answered. "I wish I could ever see you angry. I wish I could ever see you——"

"What?" he asked, as she paused.

"See you do something noble," she said, "something spectacular. Not make everything seem the way it used to be in the apartment in New York."

Leonard's face looked worn and pale. "I hope it's going to be just like that," he said, "quiet and stupid—so stupid that you'll want to scream."

To be continued

BREAK IT DOWN!

NO BREAKFAST FOOD CAN RELIEVE CONSTIPATION!

Harsh purges appear to relieve constipation; actually they aggravate your condition.

HERE'S WHY. This diagram shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.

STOMACH— *where food is prepared for further digestion.*

SMALL INTESTINE— *where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.*

LARGE INTESTINE— *into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.*

Now, the action of harsh purges has nothing in common with the natural action of "bulk". In fact, harsh purges come as a shock to delicate internal muscles, hammering them into action. This brings temporary relief. If purging continues internal muscles are seriously weakened. Usually grave results are experienced by middle age—the penalty for the constant use of harsh cathartics.

HERE'S WHY Kellogg's All-Bran safely ends Constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran gives the bowels the natural "bulk" they need, and so brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as the *uncooked* vegetables and fruit with which Nature intended to keep us naturally regular and which very few of us ever eat. However, the "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran acts *more surely, more thoroughly.* If your system already is in a bad way, it will massage those delicate internal muscles back to normal regularity.

Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. It's all ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak right in.) Tastes especially good sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit.

Start your breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran and you will have yourself safely regular in a week.

ONE WEEK LATER

I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS BROUGHT RELIEF IN A WAY I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

THE COLOURS DEFY WASHING

The Texture laughs at Time!

Woven from the finest Egyptian yarn, styled for the modern man and woman and (if you like) gracefully initialled. For men 1/3 with man-tailored borders and bold modern patterns (initialled 1/6); for ladies 9d. (with initials 1/-).

A PIONEER PRODUCT

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THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

The powerful sign of Scorpio now takes over dominance of people born under, and ventures started beneath, its radiations.

SCORPIO is regarded by astrologers as the strongest sign of the twelve, but it is as strong for evil as for good.

Consequently people born under its sway—those celebrating birthdays between October 24 and November 23—should strive diligently to understand their own natures and try always to cultivate in themselves the good and unselfish aspects of their characters as against those which are mean, hard and thoughtless.

There are seldom half-measures about Scorpions. They are either very fine citizens and assets to humanity or shrewd trouble-makers and a worry to the police or their families.

They make the most noble, brilliant, and humane doctors, surgeons, soldiers, detectives, and policemen, or can be found thriving as criminals and gang bosses. There is no middle course for them.

Scorpions also make fine sailors, mechanics, engineers, advisers, scientists, explorers, and pioneers of all kinds. In short, they are good leaders but poor servants.

It is worth noting at this time that nearly all the world's present leaders (including the trouble-makers) have the sign of Scorpio strongly represented in their individual star-maps. Among these are Hitler, Goering, Mussolini and Winston Churchill.

If it does nothing else, this influence in Churchill's life will help him to understand the other leaders, and give him the ability to fight back along their own lines, though with purer motives.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Take no risks on October 29 or 30, but October 26 and November 2 may produce slight gains.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Let your conscience be your guide this week. Unwary Taurians can get themselves into trouble this week, especially on October 26, 30 (evening), 31, and November 1. Losses, partings, opposition and general upsets likely then unless you are wise and good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just a week of days for most Geminians.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): The difficult days you have been having should end now, and good fortune take their place. Try to grasp opportunity by planning wisely and constructively. Be sure to utilise October 30 (after 8 p.m.) and 31, and November 1 well.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): This is no time for Leonians to be over-confident or aggressive, for difficulties can abound through lack of wisdom now or in the past. Be especially careful on October 31 and November 1; October 26 and 30 (late) are also poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair for you on October 27 and 28.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Try to consolidate past gains. October 29 and 30 fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): The coming week can be exciting for you. Be cautious on October 26, October 30 (late), and 31, but November 1 can bring opportunities and gains if you are wise. Be constructive.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Unspectacular. October 26 and November 2 just fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Matters should improve gradually now. Plan to use October 26 (night), 27 and 28 for urgent matters or changes.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The confidence engendered by the good fortune of recent weeks must now be curbed. Your stars are unfriendly ones for a while now. Be especially cautious on October 29 and 30 (evening), 31 and November 1. Avoid changes, arguments, aggression then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't blame anyone but yourself if you cannot turn the next few weeks to good account, for your stars are now on your side. Use October 30 (after 8 p.m.), October 31 and November 1 to start new ventures, ask favors, make changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has escaped from Cockaigne prison, and intends to take

PRINCESS NARDA: Back to America with him. They leave by aeroplane after telling Narda's brother,

PRINCE SEGRID: That they will be married on the plane. He returns to find his father,

PRINCE KARL: Very ill, and asking for Narda. A radio message brings Narda back, and Mandrake continues on, hoping to meet her when her father recovers.

As Mandrake is about to step on a ship to go cruising, a beautiful strange girl begs his help. He refuses, and she faints, causing him to miss the ship. NOW READ ON:

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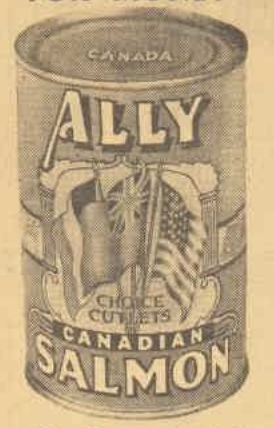
BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



It's flavour sealed

In quarter, half and one pound tins.

STOP GETTING UP NIGHTS!

Don't get up night after night because of lack of control over the urine. When your rest is interrupted, you are tired and worn out on arising in the morning—totally unfit for the day's work. If you get up at night due to frequent, scanty passages with burning and discomfort, your kidneys and bladder need help.

The longer you have suffered from these symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble, the more you owe it to your health to heed the warnings and take immediate steps to correct the cause of sleepless nights and days of misery, discomfort and inconvenience. When the kidneys do not function properly, waste matter and poisonous acids stay in the blood. In addition to causing frequent scanty passages, you may have backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, leg pains, swollen feet and ankles, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes and excess uric acid.

Don't delay! Neglect is dangerous. Take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, banish pain and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acid poisons. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

Happiness or politics...?

Poignant theme of Howard Spring's latest novel

Howard Spring, best known in Australia for his novel "O Absalom!" (filmed as "My Son, My Son!"), now presents a new book, "Fame is the Spur," an immense historical novel, its theme touching on the tragic emotional conflict arising between husband and wife in the early days of the suffragist movement.

ANN SHAWCROSS, lovely wife of Hamer Shawcross, hero of "Fame is the Spur," is an active campaigner in the suffragette movement.

Hamer, a pioneer of the English Labor Party, does not believe in votes for women.

The book's fiction characters move among people who have made English history in the last 50 years—Gladstone, Engels, Joseph Chamberlain, Keir Hardie, and Ramsay MacDonald.

The book is filled with deep human emotion, and a crusading urgency that sweeps through English history from the Manchester mill-workers' riots of 1819, the founding of the Labor Party, to a mine disaster in Wales, into glittering London drawing - r o o m s, through the war years of 1914-18 and the Spanish war.

John Hamer Shawcross is the son of a north country housemaid, Ellen, and stepson of Gordon Stansfield, the saintly follower of John Wesley, who marries Ellen.

The story of Hamer's relentless struggle to take himself out of the narrow little Lancashire street that rings with the sound of mill-workers' clogs is told against a background of English political history, and with a wealth of characters who help or hinder him in becoming Viscount Shawcross.

Ellen, hard-working, poor, proud, and contented, cannot see why her brilliant son wants to alter the lives of the working classes, and finally dies from the indolence of luxury and having no work to do.

Hamer's two boyhood companions—Arnold Ryerson and Tom Hannaway—play directly opposed roles in Hamer's rise to fame. Arnold, sincere, idealistic, remains an unknown union organiser, while the friend he is destined to help all his life soars to fame on his oratory and capacity to make people "see visions."

Tom, who begins his career buying junk for a rag and bone yard, becomes a fat, successful, big business man, resents Hamer's scorn for him, but has his moment of triumph when late in their lives he wins Hamer's seat in the House of Commons from him for a few years.

Hamer is still a schoolboy when he meets Ann, the lovely only daughter of old Burley Artingstall, the blustering self-made successful storekeeper who believes in keeping working people "in their proper place."

When they meet again Ann is living with Aunt Lizzie Lightowler, the forthright, emancipated widow who is to play a consistent role of behind-the-scenes adviser to them in their private and political lives.

Hamer has grown into a huge, handsome man and is just back from four years' travel and work all over the world.

Theirs is a beautiful love story with a permanence that withstands their temporary estrangement during Ann's suffragette activities.

But the love story of Arnold Ryerson and Pen Muff, the diminutive little firebrand who shares the perils of the suffragette campaign with Ann, is more moving because it survives so much more hardship and disappointment.

One of the most colorful characters in the book is old Lord ("Buck") Lostwithiel, who owns the mill-workers' small cottages, the cobbled streets their children play in, and even most of their votes until Arnold and Hamer begin their political activities.

Old Buck, who disguises his 76 years with hair dye and greasepaint, is a legendary figure reputed to have slept in his own coffin once a week ever since his young wife died 25 years ago.

He is placed in his coffin permanently after a mad drive for a wager round his estate on a winter's night, when the old peer holds the reins of the coach and six, with the old friend who challenged him sitting terrified at his side.

"Fame is the Spur." By Howard Spring. (Collins.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

HOWARD SPRING has written another novel of conflict in "Fame is the Spur."

NOW!

THE MOST EFFECTIVE OF ALL ANTI-ACID POWDERS — *for the same price as ordinary stomach remedies.*

BISURATED MAGNESIA

1/9 STANDARD SIZE... 2/6 LARGE SIZE...

Heartburn, flatulence, burning pains in your chest . . . No longer need you try to patch these up with ordinary stomach remedies! It's Bisurated Magnesia for you!

Give yourself *instant* and *lasting* relief with Bisurated Magnesia. Bisurated Magnesia is recommended by doctors and hospitals right throughout the world.

Because Bisurated Magnesia is now manufactured in Australia, it sells at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies — standard size 1/9. Large size 2/6.

Look for the trade mark, "Bismag" on your package. Get a bottle to-day!

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The Homemaker

October 26, 1940 The Australian Women's Weekly 41

DAHLIAS . . . *will bloom for months!*

● Many years ago the dahlia was regarded as a vulgar, gaudy flower infested with caterpillars, and with such a consciousness of its weaknesses that it hung with its head downwards.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

TO-DAY, however, the dahlia in its endless variety of beautiful forms and colors, and stiff, wiry stems, is easily the most admired flower in the garden during early autumn.

It may not be able to compete with the rose for fragrance, or the chrysanthemum on the score of longevity after cutting, but I think I can say truthfully that there is no flower in the garden which, if properly cared for, gives such a show of color over such a long period.

If the plants are set out in rich soil, pinched back at the proper time, disbudded, watered, and shown other necessary attention, they will flower from late December to May.

Now that the weather has warmed up the tubers that have been hanging up all winter in a dark, dry place should be taken down and picked over. Any tubers that were forked or damaged should be removed by means of a sharp knife.

Those that have shrivelled or developed disease or fungus trouble during winter should also be cut out of the clumps.

Then place the clumps under a tree or in the vegetable garden and cover them lightly with soil, which should be moistened slightly.

Leave them there for a couple of weeks, and when they have developed nice plump shoots round the base of last season's old stem sharpen up your garden knife and carefully divide the tubers in such a way that each will carry a shoot.

Then dig a hole deep enough to take the tuber standing up and fill in with good quality soil all round and an inch or two on top. Firm this slightly and then water well.

The soil should always be well prepared some weeks ahead of planting, and as they require fertile soil the oldest manure possible should be added, together with leaf mould, wood ashes, some sand and bone dust.

Dahlias require maximum sunlight for best results, and should never be given a shady position or the plants will be all foliage and no flowers.

After planting every effort must be made to keep the plants growing by watering during dry weather and regular hoeing.

On light soils mulching with manure will keep the soil cool and moist. Heavy soils should be mulched with horse manure, lawn trimmings or strawy material that will rot quickly.

New growths

WHEN the plants reach about 15 to 18 inches high they should be pinched back to within nine inches of the ground, leaving only three pairs of laterals.

From the axils of these laterals new growths will spring, and these will ultimately become the stems on which the flowers will be carried. These stems, in turn, can be pinched back to make the plants shrubby and sturdy, or if the plants develop too many precocious buds.

The buds, too, should be thinned out from time to time, only the best being left if the dahlias are being grown for exhibition purposes. If the gardener requires quantity and not quality, disbudding should be light, but no plant should ever be allowed to mature all the buds it produces.

Staking is an important part of dahlia growing, and it is advisable to put the stakes into position before the holes are dug and the tubers are set out in the garden. By this means damage to valuable or expensive tubers will be avoided during hoeing.

Slugs, snails, caterpillars, red spiders and earwigs are the most troublesome pests to dahlias, and a watch should always be kept for them. Two crushed meta tablets and a pound of bran will kill thousands of slugs and snails. These tablets cost about a penny each and can be obtained from most seed stores or hardware stores.

The meta-bran bait is mixed dry and merely scattered round the plants in small heaps at dusk. The slugs and snails will be found round the plants in a ring the next morning, apparently alive, but incapable of crawling any farther. They will die as soon as the sun touches them and dries them up.

Bait for pests

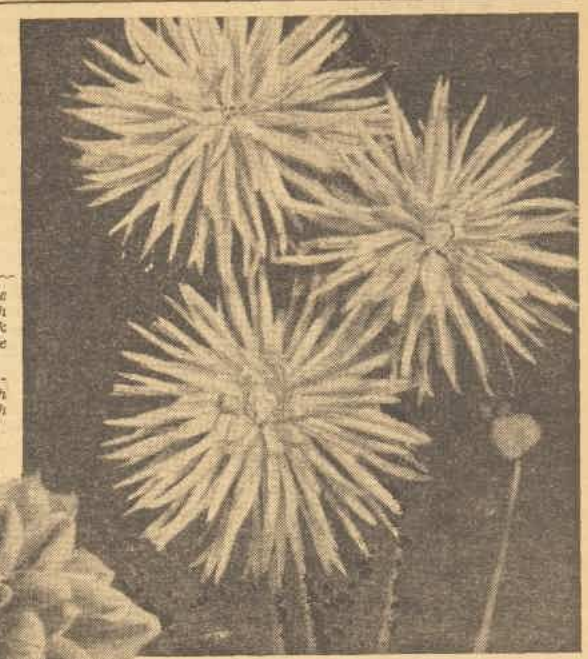
CUTWORMS and some caterpillars will also take this bait, but arsenate of lead spray is recommended where grubs are very numerous. Red spider can be controlled by spraying the plants well with lime-sulphur, which, although a fungicide, acts as an insecticide in this case.

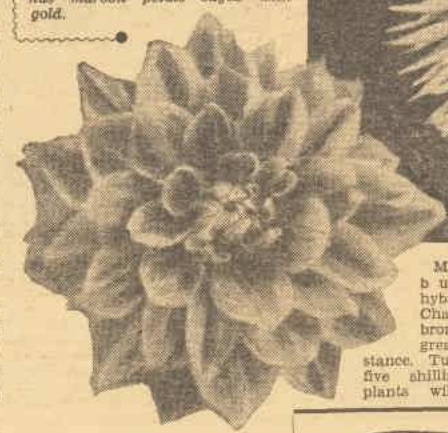
When making a selection of dahlias this season, do not overlook the beautiful little charm varieties. The flowers are mostly small (2½ to 4ins.) across, and are obtainable now in a bewildering range of colors and shapes. In addition to decorative charm dahlias, plant-breeders have produced them in the cactus, paeony and many fancy varieties.

The stiff-stemmed hybrid or garden cactus is one of the very best of the recent introductions. A new variety of this charming class is known as Exquisite. The color is baby-rose pink, changing to gold and champagne in the centre, a beautiful and unusual combination of color.

Forest Fire is the name of another beautiful hybrid cactus dahlia. The color is rich orange-flame. Lilac Domino is, as its name denotes, a lovely lilac shade, and a very tall grower.

Mr. Fred Oliver is orange-scarlet and one of the most admired flowers at several Royal Horticultural Shows in eastern States this year.





RIGHT: Exquisite, one of the new cactus variety of dahlias with stiff stems. Its color is rose-pink changing to gold and champagne in the centre.

BELOW: One of the large decorative dahlias, Ballego's Glory, which has maroon petals edged with gold.

More expensive, but a beautiful hybrid cactus, is the Challenge, a salmon-bronze flower of great size and substance. Tubers cost about five shillings, but green plants will be available at the lower price of 3/6 each.

Collarette, pompone and the bigger decorative dahlias should not be forgotten when making a selection this season. Even the old-fashioned show dahlia has a definite place, and, as the flowers last a long time when cut, should not be overlooked.

WEARS!
WEARS!
WEARS!

●The new Cutex is the result of a quarter century of research for the most durable, longest-wearing nail polish possible to modern science. Based on a new principle, slightly thicker than ordinary nail polishes, Cutex Salon Polish gives days and days of added wear.

Ask to see the newest polish shades, Cameo a fragile soft pink, "Gadabout" a red-pink of bright hue, and "Hijinks" a clear real red. These are only three of a "style-right" range of many shades.

CUTEX
Salon Polish

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PURE TOMATO CONTENT

Try

LEA & PERRINS TOMATO SAUCE

IN A CLASS OF ITS OWN

LOST

ANNE STEWART LETTERS

Anne Stewart, well-known Decorator, regrets that due to a mishap a number of letters addressed to her have been lost. Therefore if YOU have not received a reply to any letter addressed to Miss Anne Stewart more than fourteen days ago, will you please write again. Note that letters should be addressed to Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

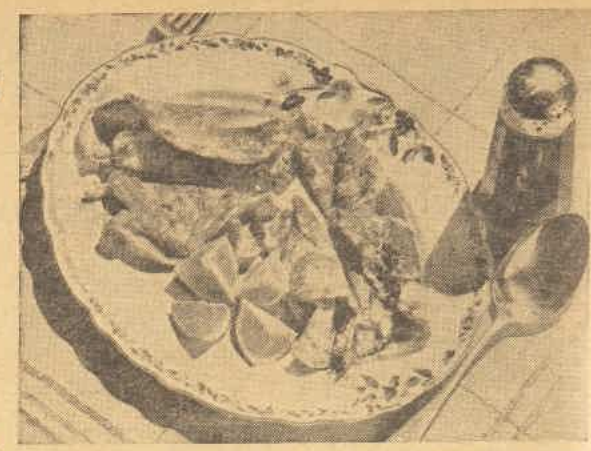
Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

This week's BEST RECIPES

ALL prizewinners in our weekly recipe competition—a fascinating contest open to all our readers. If you have a pet recipe, send it in to us and you may win a cash prize for it.

ALL you have to do to enter our simple best recipe competition is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.



ABOVE: Spiced apple pancakes, delicious for breakfast, luncheon, or as a dinner sweet. These pancakes are made with sieved apples, cinnamon, and golden syrup.

LEFT: Salads in summer like this one are not only tempting eating but very good for you. On this page to-day, a reader's recipe for a healthful summer salad is given.

FROZEN MACAROON FRUIT CREAM

One pound macaroons, 1 packet red jelly, 1 pint cream, 2 cups water, 1-3rd cup powdered sugar, 1 dozen marshmallows, 1 small bottle maraschino cherries.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, set aside to slightly thicken. Whip cream, add sugar, then add to jelly. Cut marshmallows and cherries into small pieces and fold into mixture. Line bottom and sides of refrigerator tray with wax paper, cover with macaroons, then add half the filling. Put another layer of macaroons on top, then add remainder of filling. On top of this arrange another layer of macaroons. Chill 3 or 4 hours. Unmould, cut in squares. Serves 10 or 12.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. J. J. Wright, Wallangra Park, via Holbrook, N.S.W.

SPICED PRESSED BEEF

Three pounds brisket beef, 2 small onions stuck with 4 cloves, 2oz. fat bacon, 2 carrots, 1 gill vinegar, ½lb. brown sugar, 6 peppercorns, bunch sweet herbs.

Remove bone from meat, then rub well with vinegar and sugar, and stand for 4 hours. Put in saucepan with onions, bacon, herbs, peppercorns, and carrots cut roughly. Cover with cold water and simmer gently for 4 to 4½ hours, keeping covered. Allow meat to cool in liquor. When cold, press evenly. Strain liquor and boil till reduced to a thick glaze. Trim meat, and when dry coat with glaze. Garnish with chopped aspic.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Henry, 19 Tripod St., Concord, N.S.W.

SPANISH SAUSAGES

One dozen sausages, ½ doz. slices bacon, 1 tin tomato soup (diluted before use), 2 carrots (chopped or diced), 2 onions (sliced), 1 teaspoon sugar.

Wrap every sausage in half a strip of bacon and secure with a wooden skewer. Place sausages in a casserole and cook in oven or under griller until bacon is crisp. Arrange mixed vegetables over sausages. Sprinkle top of vegetables with sugar. Pour diluted soup over all. Cover and bake in oven until vegetables are very soft. Time, about ¾ hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Santleben, 10 Sydney St., Concord, N.S.W.

CHEESE MERINGUE BISCUITS

Rub 1oz. butter into 2oz. grated cheese. Add a dash pepper and a pinch salt. Beat yolks of 2 eggs with a tablespoon of water and add to mixture.

Knead in lightly sufficient self-raising flour to make a stiffish paste. Cut into rounds and bake in a moderate oven till pale brown. Beat whites of the 2 eggs stiffly, season with salt and pepper, pile a little on each round. Replace in the oven to set and brown a little.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Lloyd, Heather St., Wilston, Brisbane.

CARAMEL BANANA PUDDING

Half-cup flour, 2-3rd cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 or 4 bananas, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, ½ cup brown sugar.

Grease a piedish well with butter, and spread brown sugar over it. Cover with sliced bananas, spread with raspberry jam, then pour in batter made by sifting flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt together. Add well-beaten egg-yolks, milk and vanilla essence.

Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on to dish with caramelised bananas on top. Delicious with whipped cream, custard or onion sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Tennant, Ulverstone, Tas.

SUMMER SALAD

Six firm tomatoes, ½ cup cooked French beans, ½ cup cooked peas, 2 cups shredded white part of lettuce, ½ cup diced celery, French dressing.

Cut a slice from the stem end of each tomato, scoop out part of the pulp. Mix all other ingredients with the French dressing. Fill the tomato cups and chill; place each tomato on a crisp lettuce leaf. Serve with salad dressing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

SPICED APPLE PANCAKES

Three tablespoons golden syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups stewed, sieved apples, ½ teaspoonful ground cinnamon, 2½ cups flour.

Place stewed, sieved apples in a basin, add well-beaten egg and syrup. Mix well. Stir in flour and baking powder (well sifted). Add butter and cinnamon. Beat thoroughly till well blended. Fry in spoonfuls and serve with butter and syrup.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Marshall, Hinchinbrook Is., via Cardwell, Qld.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

TO clean the steelwork of your stove, mix equal parts of whiting and powdered bathbrick. Apply with a moist cloth, and polish with a dry one.

❖ ❖ ❖

INSTEAD of threading a string loop through the handles of brushes and kitchen appliances, use thin copper wire. It wears longer and will catch on hooks more easily.

❖ ❖ ❖

IT is a good idea to put two or three short sticks of macaroni through the top of a piecrust to act as chimneys. This will be found very effective in preventing the juices from boiling out, and will preserve the crust.

THE fatigue occasioned by washing, ironing and such household tasks which necessitate standing will be greatly lessened if you place a soft, thick rug beneath your feet.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE needlewoman should know that tacking-threads must be cut every few inches, otherwise the material will drag, and will leave small holes in delicate fabrics.

❖ ❖ ❖

FRIED food will invariably be greasy, unless it is put into fat which is really boiling. Wait until all bubbling ceases and a faint blue smoke arises from the pan before putting anything into it.

WONDERED WHY SHE WASN'T *Lovable..*

Don't let "B.O." spoil your dates

Everybody perspires but nobody needs to risk making a bad impression. The busiest girl can keep herself fresh and lovable with Lifebuoy in her daily bath. Try it—the clean, bracing fragrance of Lifebuoy vanishes as you rinse but its protection stays.

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They will like these

BREAKFAST DISHES

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

● Start the family off well for the day with an appetising main dish prepared with nourishing ingredients. And, by the way of adding zest to young and old appetites, try the new dishes given below. They are different and delicious and packed with energy-giving qualities.

RISSOLES RICHMOND, a breakfast dish that is energising and appetising. It is made with minced steak, tomatoes, fried pineapple, bacon rashers, and fried bread. Serve piping hot as a main dish to follow fruit and cereals.

EVEN in summertime children going to school and grown-ups starting off for a day's work need a fairly substantial breakfast to fortify them for the activities ahead.

The dishes given here to-day are appetising and nourishing, yet not too heavy for this time of the year. To supplement these main dishes serve fruit and cereals with milk or cream.

RISSOLES RICHMOND

One pound minced steak, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 6 bacon rashers, small tomatoes, slices of fried pineapple, triangle of fried bread.

Mix together steak, onion and tomato sauce. Make into rissoles and roll in flour, pepper and salt. Fry in a small quantity of fat in a frying-pan for 10 minutes. Dip pineapple slices into flour and fry a golden brown. Grill bacon rashers that have been cut into 5in. lengths. Steam tomatoes whole, in a saucepan.

Place tomatoes on pineapple slices in the centre of serving dish and arrange rissoles and croutons of fried bread around the edge. Cross strips of bacon on the rissoles and serve at once.

SAVORY TOMATO TOAST

One pound tomatoes, 2oz. butter, 2oz. grated cheese, 2 eggs, salt and cayenne, round of hot buttered toast or fried bread if preferred.

Skin tomatoes, cut in pieces, put into saucepan, add butter and grated cheese, pepper and salt. Cook slowly until tomatoes are soft. Add beaten eggs and cook gently until mixture thickens and eggs are cooked.

Serve in rough heaps on the toast or fried bread. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot.

KIDNEY AND TOMATO SAVORY

Three sheep's kidneys, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon flour, 3 tablespoons stock or water, chopped parsley, three large tomatoes, triangles of toast.

Soak kidneys in warm water for half an hour. Remove skin and core, and mince finely. Melt butter in a saucepan, add onion and fry till soft. Add kidney and cook slowly five minutes. Sprinkle in flour, season to taste and cook for ten minutes, stirring well. Add stock and stir until mixture boils. Cut tomatoes into thick slices and either grill or fry in butter. Place on triangles of toast, cover with kidney mixture and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Grilled bacon may be served with this dish if liked.

SCRAMBLED BRAINS AND BACON

Three sets cooked brains, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs slightly beaten, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup, hot buttered toast, bacon rolls.

Melt butter in a frying-pan, add beaten eggs and milk, ketchup, sauce and seasonings and stir over a low heat until just beginning to set. Add brains cut into cubes and finely chopped hard-boiled eggs. Fold in lightly and cook slowly, stirring just enough to scramble. Serve on hot buttered toast with grilled bacon rolls.

PORK SAUSAGES AND RICE GIRDLE CAKES

One pound pork sausage meat, 1 heaped tablespoon thick apple sauce.

Rice Girdle Cakes: One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 beaten egg-yolk, ½ pint milk, 1 cup hot boiled rice, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 stiffly-beaten egg-white.

Sift flour with salt and baking powder, add rice. Stir yolk of egg into milk, mix gradually with flour and rice. Fold in egg-whites. Heat a girdle or thick frying-pan. Rub with suet or fat bacon. Pour one tablespoon of batter onto heated girdle for each cake. Cook until cakes bubble on top. Then turn and brown on the other side. Shape sausage meat with floured hands into 6 fat cakes. Fry in a little smoking-hot fat till light brown on both sides. Place a spoonful of apple sauce on top of each. Serve on a hot dish with the rice girdle cakes round and sprigs of parsley.

DEVILLED CORN WITH BACON

One small tin sweet corn, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon cream or milk, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 6 rashers grilled bacon, 6 slices buttered toast.

Put butter, milk or cream and cheese into a saucepan and stir over slow heat till smooth and blended. Add slightly-beaten eggs, corn, sauce, and seasonings. Stir over heat until mixture thickens without boiling. Place a cooked rasher of bacon on each slice of hot buttered toast, and top each with the devilled corn mixture. Garnish with chopped parsley and serve very hot.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS AND BACON

One small pineapple cut into thick slices, 1lb. bacon rashers.

Batter: 6oz. self-raising flour, ½ pint milk, 1 egg, pinch salt, wet-frying fat.

Make batter, adding more milk if necessary. Dip slices of pineapple into batter, and fry in the fuming fat till golden brown. Drain on paper. Grill bacon that has been made into loose rolls and threaded on skewers. Serve on top of fritters and garnish with parsley. Serve mixed mustard with this dish if liked.

SPAGHETTI AND POACHED EGGS

One large tin spaghetti, 6 eggs, buttered toast, parsley.

Heat spaghetti in saucepan and add a little tomato sauce and water if necessary. Simmer together for three minutes. Poach eggs in the usual way. Arrange spaghetti in a circle on the slices of toast and place poached egg in the centre, sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

MACARONI FRICASSEE

Boil some macaroni until tender, then put in frying-pan with some onion and tomato which have already been fried. Fry all together for a few minutes. Add gravy and thicken with a little flour. Serve hot on buttered toast.

BEAN RAREBIT

Melt 1oz. butter in a saucepan and season with salt, mustard and little cayenne. Add a teacupful of cold boiled haricot beans and a teaspoon of tomato sauce. Make thoroughly hot, then add ¼ cup milk and 2oz. grated cheese. Stir for few minutes. Serve hot on buttered toast.

EGG CUTLETS

Chop two or three hard-boiled eggs very small, add two tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, pinch curry-powder, and a little cayenne. Bind all together with a well-beaten egg, form into cutlets, dip in batter, place in boiling fat, and fry golden brown. Serve hot.

TOMATOES AND CHEESE

Cut up 1lb. tomatoes (fresh or tinned), put in buttered piedish. Add ½ cup grated cheese, dash cayenne and salt, dot with butter and sprinkle with dry biscuit crumbs. Bake in oven.

BY THEMSELVES... *inviting!*

WITH SALADS ... *exciting!*

WITH CUTLETS... *delicious!*

WITH EGGS... *nutritious!*

EVERYONE agrees about Heinz Baked Beans. They say there's nothing more satisfying than a steaming plateful, oven-baked the special Heinz way, mealy and munchy, soaked through and through with rich tomato sauce.

Your grocer has extra-large stocks of Heinz Baked Beans. So order right away.

Containing proteins and carbohydrates, they give energy. Rich in vitamins, they give health. Have them often at any meal — Joy of Living for a few pence.

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ALLERGIC DISORDERS

. . . can be cured

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By a Doctor

PATIENT: Doctor, I suffer from intermittent headaches for no apparent reason. Do you think they may be a form of migraine due to allergy?

Doctor: Not all cases of migraine are due to allergy, but the condition is so common that the possibility of it should not be overlooked.

Allergy is not a disease. It is a physical condition.

Some unfortunate people are super-sensitive—they react to certain substances which have no effect on other people.

This sensitivity manifests itself in varying degrees and in various ways. It has been estimated that about 10 per cent. of persons exhibit some serious form of hypersensitiveness while about 50 per cent. are sensitive in a minor way.

The number of substances to which a person may be allergic are so many and varied that often the doctor who has to find the offending substance is confronted with a Herculean task.

The most common among them, however, are pollens of trees, plants, and grasses; animals—chiefly horses, cats, dogs, and rabbits; feathers, hair, wool, lint, kapok, housedust, and face powder, as well as various foods.

Any food may be the cause, but the commonest are milk, eggs, strawberries and other fruits and sea foods. Chocolate also seems to be an offender in cases of allergic headaches.

All of these, as well as others, too various to mention, have been known to cause sensitivity to a greater or lesser degree.

Sometimes the allergic state does not develop sufficiently to cause severe illness, but at other times a person may become so sensitive that even a trace of the offending substance may cause a violent reaction.

The ways in which allergy may manifest itself are as many and varied as its causes. There would appear to be little connection between hives, eczema, migraine or "sick headache," asthma, hay fever, nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, and nasal congestion—but they may all be caused by allergy.

Many peculiar complaints are caused by it. A case is reported of a waitress who used to break out with hives regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays. It was discovered that she was allergic to shrimps, which were served regularly at her cafe on those days.

In another case a man was so sensitive to fish that he became violently ill after eating food prepared in a saucepan in which fish had been cooked.

There have been cases of men who broke off their engagements because they were sensitive to orris root. This substance is used in some face powders, and it was unfortunate for these men that their fiancees were the unwitting cause of their hives, eczema, or asthma. Yet a change of face powder to one free from orris root would have solved the problem.

The greatest difficulty in treating all allergic disorders is, of course, the finding of the offending substance.

Sometimes it is easily found. At others it is located only after extensive searching.

If it is suspected that a food is at the root of the trouble the patient can be put on a basic diet. Foods are added or eliminated.

Can be desensitised

IF it is discovered that the patient reacts only when certain foods are added to his diet, these offending foods can be avoided.

If, however, necessary foods such as milk or eggs are the cause of the trouble, it is not always possible to do without them and the patient may need to be desensitised.

This is done by administering small doses of an extract made from the allergen and increasing them progressively.

This treatment is usually very successful, and extracts can be made not only of foods, but of pollens, feathers and most of the substances to which people are sensitive.

The introduction of skin testing in the detection of allergens marked a progressive step in the treatment of allergy. By this method prepared extracts are injected just under the skin.

If the patient is sensitive to that particular substance a reaction that looks like a flea-bite will rise at the site of the injection, and so the allergen is located. Though these tests are not 100 per cent. reliable they are extremely helpful.

The treatment of allergy has improved to such an extent in the last few years that many people who are suffering from allergic disorders are doing so unnecessarily. Their children will be doubly fortunate.

It is a recognised fact that heredity plays a part in hypersensitiveness and that allergic parents tend to have allergic children, though they may not react to the same things or in the same way.

With this knowledge a parent can be on the alert for any sign of sensitiveness and seek treatment before serious or lasting ailments arise.

IT'S APPLE SEASON in Ontario, Canada, where the Dionne Quintuplets live. Dr. Dafoe encourages the "Quins" to eat this fruit regularly, but they need little urging, as you can see here. Left to right: Marie, Cecile, Annette, Yvonne, Emilie.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Making best use of fresh air

NO baby will thrive, no matter how well fed and cared for it is, unless it is given the full benefit, for the whole 24 hours of each day, of fresh, free-flowing air containing life-giving oxygen.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free, if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

No job for Nancy but a big job for Mum

Why risk underarm odour—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD — goes everywhere — but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day?*

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past* . . . but Mum *prevents* odour—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come.*

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh.

HARMLESS! Use Mum *after* dressing . . . fabrics are safe, Mum is harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. Get Mum to-day. Be wise in business . . . be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every* day. Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS

Another Use for Mum
Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

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MUM
TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

*Here's the Face Powder you asked for**

POND'S NEW IMPROVED FACE POWDER — MADE TO YOUR OWN SPECIAL REQUESTS!

★ Imagine a face powder actually made to your own order—face powder exactly as you asked for it! That's what you get with Pond's new improved Face Powder.

Pond's went out and asked thousands of Australian women just like yourself, to say which features they wanted most in their face powder. They said: "Give us a face powder that 1. Has the softest, finest texture it's possible to make. 2. Really clings for hours and hours. 3. Is glareproof, so that it flatters the skin in bright sunshine or under glaring electric light. 4. Give us a wide choice of skin tones."

Now here it is, the face powder with *all* these qualities you asked for—Pond's new improved Face Powder. Just try it yourself—six smart shades, and the price is only 1/6½d. and 2/6½d. (including Sales Tax).

Pond's New Improved Powder. Choose your shade from the range at your local chemist or store.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CHRISTENING GOWN
with floral motifs

● An exquisite frock in georgette or voile, traced ready for making up and embroidering in delicate pastel-colored silks.

THIS christening gown can be obtained from our Needlework Department in white or cream georgette, and also in white Swiss voile.

The material is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for the embroidery, so that all you have to do is cut out, stitch up, and work.

This same design is also obtainable in pale pink or blue georgette, in sizes infants to 18 months.

Sizes and prices are:

Infants, 6 months, 12 months, 18 months, 6/11, postage free.

Lace for finishing neckline and sleeves is included with the material.

Paper pattern for those who would like to make this design in their own material, 1/-. Transfer for embroidery, 1/6 extra.

Use filoselle silks for working the design on either the christening gown or the baby frock in pink or blue. These silks, in cream, pale blue, pale pink and pale green, are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 4d. a skein.

CHRISTENING GOWN for baby, in cream or white georgette, or in white Swiss voile. The same design is obtainable in pale blue or pale pink georgette. Material in each case is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidery.

A ROMPER SUIT
for the small child

● A useful garment which is quick to make up and work and available in good-wearing kabe silk or linora.

AS soon as tiny children are walking or crawling they need plenty of rompers.

Here is a new design which is obtainable from our Needlework Department in white kabe silk, or in linora in cream, blue or pink.

The material is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidering.

Sizes and prices are:

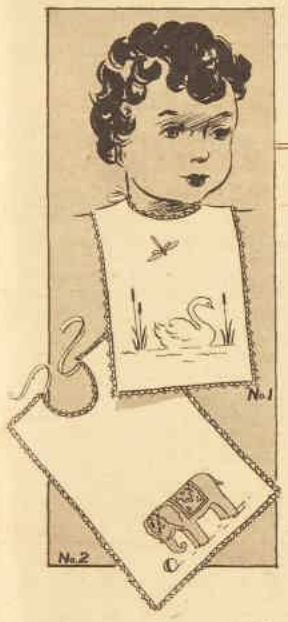
One to 2 years, kabe silk, 3/6; linora, 2/11.

Two to four years, kabe silk, 3/9; linora, 3/4.

Paper pattern of this design, price 1/-. No transfers available.

Filoselle silks for working, cream, pale blue, pink, and green, obtainable from Needlework Department for 4d. a skein.

SO USEFUL for a small boy or girl—a romper suit in kabe silk or linora, traced for making up and working. Obtainable from our Needlework Department.



FEEDERS FOR baby, designs Nos. 1 and 2. Both are traced for making up and working on cream or colored linora.

TWO NEW FEEDERS

ALL babies and small children need lots of useful feeders for meal-times.

These two designs, shown on the left, are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Both are traced for cutting out, making up and working in cream, blue, pink or green linora, which wears and washes well.

Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

Price is 9d. each, or set of two feeders 1/3, postage free.

State whether one or both designs are required when ordering and give numbers of designs.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

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For Feast Days and Family Days . . .

* Buy the size that suits your family. Remember, allow for extra helpings.

½ lb. 3 serves
1 lb. 6 serves
1½ lb. 9 serves
2 lb. 12 serves
3 lb. 18 serves

Clip this section as your reminder to order SWALLOW PLUM PUDDING

rich, tempting Swallow's PLUM PUDDING

GALA dish for every family has always been Plum Pudding. But gone is the need for you to spend hours in cooking it. For Swallow & Ariell, with Olde Englishe skill, the best of ingredients and over eighty years' experience have captured the rich persuasive flavour you like so much.

Just catch the steaming fragrance as you break the seal. Never before have you waited so eagerly to taste any dish.

So hurry, serve it with sauce, lash it with cream and prove the promise of that tempting aroma. Every moist mouthful is like a trip through the pantry. A spicy delight, rich beyond description. Only your own good taste can tell you how luxurious it really is.

HERE'S NEWS FOR PRACTICAL BUDGETS

Good cook as you are you couldn't make a better plum pudding for double the cost of this favourite. Quantity buying, popular demand keep prices low. So don't wait for special occasions. Serve this traditional Plum Pudding often. Check the chart for exact sizes. Order from your grocer now. *

Away out doors hearty holiday appetites will be thankful for Swallow's Plum Pudding. With such a welcome dish prepared so easily no wonder thousands of people every year take it on their holiday outings.

SUPPORT THE RED CROSS AND COMFORTS FUND.

Swallow & Ariell PLUM PUDDING

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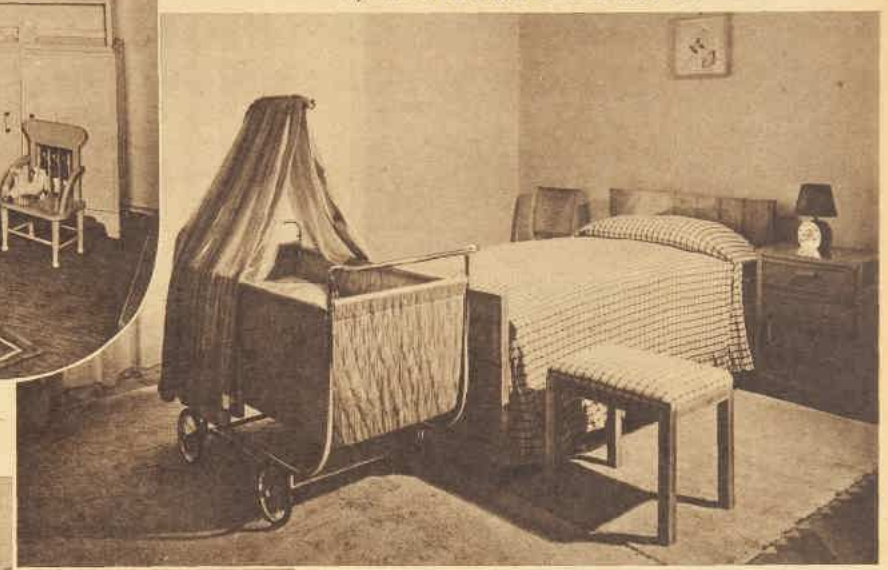
ROOMS FOR BABIES

● Nurseries, both for day and night use, must be suitably decorated and furnished if they are to be practical and comfortable for the tiny occupants. Instead of luxurious furnishings, aim for simplicity and washable surfaces.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

DAY NURSERY which has walls finished with washable paint and gay rugs on the linoleum-covered floor. Color and gaiety are provided in the nursery designs on china and tablecloths and in the dado round the wall.



ROOM DESIGNED for nurse and baby. Walls are cream, curtains are white marquisette, the rug is green and the bedspread and stool cover are green-and-white checked chintz.

NIGHT NURSERY where walls are covered with washable wallpaper showing colored characters from nursery stories. Furniture is cream enamel.

NURSERY LOWBOY in cream enamel and decorated with nursery motifs on the front.

WHENEVER it is possible, baby, always the most important member of any household, should be provided with a room to himself, especially for sleeping.

One fair-sized room is usually sufficient, but sometimes, in the big household, two rooms, one for night and the other for day, are provided. In other cases, a large room for a nurse and the very young baby proves the most practical arrangement.

In all such rooms, suitable decoration and furniture are essential. Things to avoid are wallpaper, unless it is the washable type, floors completely covered with thick pile carpet, and highly polished veneered furniture.

The best wall finishes are washable whether they are painted or papered, while the floor should have the boards left bare or covered with linoleum.

Instead of carpeting, rugs, which may be moved about and cleaned easily, are better. But don't have the floor highly polished, otherwise not only baby, but grown-ups, will find themselves slipping and rugs sliding from under their feet when they least expect it.

Furniture should be simple and plain, either the enamelled kind or dull finished oak being suitable, as both can be cleaned easily and quickly.

Avoid heavy curtains. Instead, go in for simple cretonnes, chintzes or muslins that will not completely obscure the window, but let in plenty of light and air and lend themselves to frequent laundering.

For touches of gaiety and color, choose rugs in bright colors, if possible depicting nursery-story characters; also curtains showing suitable nursery designs.

Walls can be brightened with story-book dados or a washable wallpaper can show nursery designs.

China, too, can play its part, so can tablecloths, feeders, and other accessories. All can be decorated in ways to delight and interest the baby and toddler.

The room shown at the top right of this page is destined for the household where a nurse for the baby is employed. The bedroom is simply furnished in oak with a checked green-and-white chintz bedspread and stool cover, a plain green rug on the wood floor and full-length white marquisette curtains at the big window.

The other pictures show a day and a night nursery and a tiny lowboy for baby. Walls are finished with washable paint in one room and washable wallpaper in the other. Furniture is mostly cream enamel which also washes easily.

And so to bed . . . in

LINGERIE by KAYSER

And so to bed!—looking like a dream in KAYSER'S bewitching Slumber Wear. Designed for very feminine souls who like a subtle touch of modern sophistication as well!

Other Nighties from 7/11. Pyjamas from 8/11

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To hold its shape and yours — A JANTZEN

And This Season Jantzen Brings You Six New Fabric Sensations

Printed Satin Knits! New Velva-Sheen! Water-Velva! Self-striped Velva-Sheen! Knit-in Designs! In all of them Jantzen knits "Lastex" yarn and sparkling rayon. (And now here's where YOU say..) Stop! Stop! What's happened to Jantzen's famous figure-controlling worsted knits? (And here's where WE answer..) They're with us again. Lovelier than ever in floral Puff Stitches... making six brand, spanking new fabric sensations in scores of figure-moulding suits. Whichever of these Jantzen fabrics you choose you can depend upon it to hold its shape and yours before, during and after your swim. Jantzen gives perfect, permanent, wrinkle-free fit because Jantzen smartness is more than surface deep.

When choosing your Jantzen your weight indicates your size. Most stores have a Jantzen Size-O-Weight which immediately points to the size that will give you perfect fit.

She: What's your idea of good form on the beach?
He: You — in your JANTZEN.

Flattery for you. A "Fisherman's Net" in heady, tropical colours is printed on this Satin Knit Jantzen. "Lastex" yarn for two-way stretch. Never a wrinkle. Not a whisper of excess fabric around hips. Also in other prints and colors at 29/6.

His birthday soon? It's spoiling him — but he'll give a whoop of delight when you produce that pair of Jantzen Velva-Sheen trunks. Low-waisted. Skirtless. Feather-light. Inner surface is luxuriously soft. Ask for Style 10. Price 21/-

Jantzen

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